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Editors

FREDA KIRCHWEY MAX LERNER

Literary Editor MARGARET MARSHALL

Associate Editor MAXWELL S. STEWART

Dramatic Critic

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

✶

Publisher

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Hugo Van Arx, Business Manager. Walter F. Grueninger, Circulation Manager. Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager.

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The Shape of Things

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THE BOMBS FROM CHINESE AIRPLANES WHICH rained death on the International Settlement at Shanghai, killing thousands of persons, including three prominent Americans, have brought home to the Western World the full seriousness of the hostilities now under way in the Far East. While the actual bombing was done by the Chinese, the responsibility, as pointed out by the Settlement authorities, rests entirely with Japan. In the past week, as in 1932, the Japanese have utilized the Settlement as a shield for military operations against the Chinese. Illegally and against the opposition of the Shanghai Municipal Council, they have constructed a huge barracks in the Hongkew area, which has been converted into a veritable fortress. Japanese battleships anchored close to the shore have fired with impunity over the Settlement at the Chinese sections of the city. It was an attempt by the Chinese to drive these ships out of range of the city which led to the frightful loss of life in the heart of the Settlement. The lives of thousands of Americans and Europeans are endangered as long as Japan is permitted to use the city as a base for operations. For years the Japanese have pushed their aggressive designs in China under the protection of the special privileges which Europeans wrested from the Manchus nearly a century ago. They will not be stopped by spasmodic protests. Only through the most vigorous of joint diplomatic representations by all the powers can American and European lives be safeguarded and Western powers absolved of complicity in Japanese terrorism.

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THE FRIGHTFUL EVENTS AT SHANGHAI HAVE made a clarification of American policy on the Sino-Japanese conflict a matter of immediate importance. From some quarters has come a renewed demand that the President invoke the Neutrality Act. Yet that act offers little, if any, protection against the sort of incidents which might involve us in the Far Eastern conflict. None of the American citizens so far killed had been trading in contraband; none were aboard enemy ships or in a legitimate zone of battle. It would be virtually impossible to uproot and repatriate the 4,000 Americans permanently settled in Shanghai. And it goes without saying that legitimate American business will not passively stand by and see the Chinese market absorbed by its chief competitor. Invocation of the Neutrality Act

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would, moreover, give Japan an excuse to declare a blockade of the China coast, while the cash-and-carry clause would serve to make us, in effect, an ally of Japan. There is little that the United States can do single-handed to check Japanese aggression. An official embargo of scrap iron, as proposed by Senator Nye, would be unneutral and dangerous. Sanctions cannot be unilaterally applied without risk of war. But this does not close the door to unofficial action by Americans who feel that aggression, wherever it occurs, is of universal concern. Since Japan is notoriously short of foreign exchange, every dollar spent on products from Japan is virtually a contribution to the Japanese war chest. A nationwide boycott of Japanese goods might be the most telling argument that could be devised against the lawless greed of Japanese militarism.

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CONGRESS REACHED THE LOWER DEPTHS OF politics as its session approached a close. To the forgotten crop-control legislation and the mutilated housing bill, on which we commented last week, it now adds the tragic death of the wage-hour bill. Robert S. Allen's article in this issue tells how the bill, after passing the Senate and being assured of a large House majority, was killed in the reactionary Rules Committee. No more brazen instance of the overriding of the majority principle has occurred even in the present Congress, which has had more than its share of instances. And when even the major "preferred" legislation is scrapped, it should occasion no surprise that nothing has come of the anti-lynching bill, that Congress is ignoring the President's objections on the sugar bill, or that the excellent Schwellenbach-Allen resolution on the use of W.P.A. funds has been lost sight of. The legislative chaos is best shown by the agricultural mix-up. The blame for the present fiasco lies not only with Congress but also with the President and Secretary Wallace, who, depending on prosperity and good prices, offered no concrete program of crop control to Congress. Then the bottom dropped out of the cotton market, and loud yammerings were heard for a renewal of the cotton loans. The Administration had passed the buck to Congress, and Congress now passed it back to the Administration. The result is that the President has agreed to make government loans to peg a carry-over of close to 10,000,000 bales of cotton at twelve cents a pound. And all he gets in return is a promise that crop control will be the first item on the next session's agenda. Much has been said of the need for Congressional independence. If this is it, we join in welcoming adjournment.

*

SENATOR PITTMAN PAINTED A DIRE PICTURE last week of the wives and children of foreign ambassadors in Washington who live "in fear and trembling" when their embassies are picketed. As a result, the Senate promptly passed a measure making it unlawful for American citizens to stage even the mildest demonstration within 500 feet of any building housing official foreign representatives. There is considerable doubt that even Senator Pittman was taken in by his oratory; there is no doubt at all that whatever "fear and trembling" there was in the matter centered in the State Department. It was Secretary of State Hull who put up Senator Pittman to this dangerous piece of nonsense. Everything should be done to bury the bill in the House, not only because it is a clear-cut violation of the constitutional rights of free speech and assembly but because it introduces a foreign and wholly objectionable principle into the American scheme. It would make the Washington government diplomatically responsible for its citizens' hostility to foreign governments. If picketing is to be forbidden because it is "embarrassing" to the State Department, what is to prevent that agency's assuming similar responsibility for "insults" to friendly governments in the American press?

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VOTERS WILL NEED A WORLD'S ALMANAC, a Baedeker, and a copy of Culbertson on Bridge in order to make their way through the New York mayoralty situation. The latest event to complicate matters is Thomas Dewey's decision to run for district attorney as a La Guardia man on the Republican ticket. Dewey's last-minute decision was reached only after La Guardia, who had been nominated both by the Labor Party and the Fusion group but had shown little interest in the Republicans, agreed to make a vigorous attempt to win the Republican primary as well. Dewey's move, although hailed by all except the two Democratic groups, may ultimately cut both ways: for if La Guardia loses to Copeland in the Republican primaries, Copeland will have in Dewey (who is unopposed on the Republican ticket) a strong running-mate to help swell his total votes. There can be little doubt, however, that the Dewey candidacy on the whole strengthens La Guardia by associating with his name that of a man who has won great prestige through his successful racket-prosecutions and who has no taint of radicalism. The Labor Party's warm indorsement of Dewey was a wise move, for it is well to make it clear that labor has no interest in defending the cause of racketeering union officials.

*

AROUND THE WALLS OF THE FLINT ARMORY last week were banners that must have made the eyes of the local soldiery pop out of their heads. National Guardsmen, after all, are not used to seeing their places of business decked out with such inscriptions as "Vigilance against Vigilantes"; "Picketing Is Labor's Right"; "Outlaw the Law-and-Order Leagues"; and "Defend Your Civil Rights." The occasion was the first of a projected series of regional anti-viligante conferences and was called by the Michigan Civil Rights Federation and the Flint local of the United Automobile Workers Union. More significant than the ironic site of the convention was the broad slice of Michigan citizenry represented: 225 trade-union delegations, 32 political groups, 36 social-welfare organizations, 85 fraternal societies, 5

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church groups, 2 farm-and-tenant organizations, and 11 civil-rights defense groups. This is only one part of the answer to the mushroom growth of citizens committees, law-and-order leagues, and vigilante groups—legislation and militant trade unionism make up the rest of the formula—but it is an extremely important part. The Flint affair was only the first of these broad mass reactions to the challenge of vigilantism. In a revealing poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion seventy-six per cent of the voters opposed vigilante "citizens groups" in strike areas. In this movement lies the grand chance to check the organized strength of vigilantism with the organized strength of democracy, to meet the fire of "citizens committees" with the fire of civil-rights federations.

*

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE IS AN ARTICLE BY O. K. Armstrong describing the workings of a statute under which peonage is freely practiced in Florida. Forced labor is a federal offense, and the Florida law, which may bind a worker to a turpentine or lumber camp for months under the most brutal conditions once he has accepted so much as a pair of overalls, is palpably unconstitutional. As Mr. Armstrong points out, it is next to impossible for the federal government to wipe out peonage by obtaining convictions from Southern white juries. But it is possible at least—and certainly desirable—to force a Supreme Court review of the infamous "fraud contract" law which is the legal protection for the peonage system. It could be done by appealing any one of the hundreds of cases in which men who attempt to escape from forced labor find themselves on chain-gangs, building roads for the state of Florida. To conduct such an appeal would require, of course, not only a brave defendant but extremely courageous counsel. Men have been lynched for less. The best guaranty of the safety of those involved in such a case would be publicity and more publicity. As a first step to that end we can think of no more effective spotlight to throw on that dark and noisome corner of American industry than the glare of the La Follette subcommittee investigating violations of civil liberties.

*

EDITH WHARTON INSISTED ON A ROOM OF her own, but she located it in the mansion in which she was born. Coming from one of the "best families" of New York, she needed great courage to undertake anything as useful as a writing career. But her revolt was personal, and the genteel tradition which in that single act she broke took its revenge by saturating her writing. Her interest lay not in the way the American captains of industry made money but in the life that they and their wives lived in spending it; not in the arid landscape of the new world they created but in the psychological nuances of the even more arid inner world in which they dwelt. Only once did she succeed in breaking this mold—in "Ethan Frome," an impassioned narrative of love and frustration, perfect of its kind, a token of what she might have achieved if she could more often have gone out of bounds.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT EDITORIAL CHANGES take effect with this issue. Joseph Wood Krutch, who has resigned from the board of editors of *The Nation* to take a position as professor of English literature at Columbia University, resumes his old post as dramatic critic. For four years Mr. Krutch has combined this function with his work as literary editor; he has served as dramatic critic since 1924. The literary editorship will be taken over by Margaret Marshall, who has been associated with the literary department during several of her ten years on *The Nation's* staff. The board of editorial associates has been discontinued at the request of its members, Heywood Broun, Alvin Johnson, and Oswald Garrison Villard. This group of experienced journalists was of great assistance in helping to institute the changes in appearance, content, and staff that marked the last two years of this journal's progress. They felt, however, that with the recent transfer of ownership the paper would be best served by the editors' retaining complete responsibility. *The Nation* accepts their resignation with gratitude for their many services. Heywood Broun is at present on vacation. His regular page will not appear for the next few weeks.

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SACCO AND VANZETTI: DIED AUGUST 23, 1927.

Salute to Justice Black

THE choice of Senator Hugo L. Black for the Supreme Court vacancy is the most courageous executive appointment since President Wilson sent Louis D. Brandeis's name to the Senate. Although at present writing the nomination has not been confirmed, we nevertheless salute Mr. Justice Black and bestow on him the accolade of his title. For however much the Tories may rage, they cannot defeat a nomination which has overwhelming popular support.

In the light of the urgency with which the Senate pressed the Robinson appointment on the President, the choice of another Senator and another Southerner was brilliant. But too much, we think, has been said about the purely political maneuvering—just as there has been an overemphasis on two other factors extraneous to the quality of the nomination. One is the legal question, raised by Senators Burke, Austin, and Johnson; the second is the threat to the tradition of Senatorial courtesy in the objections to immediate confirmation. We do not, on the one hand, think much of the legalistic objections to the appointment—objections that were cheerfully waived when it was a question of appointing a conservative like Senator Robinson. Nor are we, on the other hand, dismayed by the breaking of a rule of Senatorial courtesy maintained for the past half-century. We have never cherished the thought of the Senate as the most exclusive club in the world, and every move to push a log from under this log-rolling aristocracy is all to the good.

The Tories are really fighting Senator Black because

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of his record. They are fighting him for the same reason that the Tories of a generation ago fought Louis D. Brandeis. In that case, as in this one, the public record of the appointee showed clearly that he could not be depended upon to be a minion of the corporations on the bench. They raised objections enough of a different character in the Brandeis case. They talked gravely of judicial temperament and sanctimoniously of ethics. They got a petition signed by seven ex-presidents of the Bar Association—a sort of Johnstown committee of the high-priced janissaries of Big Business. We shouldn't be surprised if they tried the same tactics now. But all this was and is a smoke-screen. What it seeks to conceal is that the Tories will not tolerate anyone on the Supreme Court whose first thought is for the common man. You may talk as liberally as your vocabulary will allow, but you must vote and act on the side of capitalist domination of the state.

That is just what Senator Black has not done. His Senate record shows that he is no fake liberal. During the Hoover years he stood almost alone with Senators Wagner and La Follette in his fight for adequate relief appropriations. He came to the support of the Federal Trade Commission at a time when the Hoover Administration was seeking to strip it of its economic division. In the early Roosevelt years he almost succeeded in pushing through a thirty-hour bill. He has been a consistent foe of the monopolies and opposed the NRA as strengthening the monopoly hold of Big Business. He has been the foe of the swollen public-utility interests. He has been one of the most merciless and effective probers in the Senate. His inquiries into the air-mail contracts and into the lobbying methods used to fight the Public Utility Holding Company Act made him important enemies, but they did the nation a great service. On the Senate Finance Committee he fought hard for the corporate-surplus tax. But his greatest achievement lay in his vigorous efforts, as chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, for the wage-hour bill that bears his name.

Two items mar the record, and much will be made of both. One is the support that Black received from the Ku Klux Klan when he first ran for the Senate in 1926. The other is his opposition to the current anti-lynching bill. Both are part of Senator Black's Southern background, but there is a difference between the two items. Although the Klan supported him, there is no evidence that he ever did anything for the Klan which would merit that support. His attitude on lynching is more difficult to condone, if it were not for the fact that no Southerner in Congress has taken a different stand, with the exception of Maury Maverick. Senator Black shares in this respect the limitations of his section. But the Supreme Court is a safe haven in which to clear away the barnacles gathered from a political voyage in Southern waters. We have no fears of what Justice Black's attitude will be in any case involving civil liberties, even in an appeal from the Scottsboro decisions of the courts of his own state of Alabama. A man's attitude on economic issues is the central fact about him in the modern state, and it provides the best key to his ultimate attitude on human rights. And the striking thing about Senator Black is not that he still shows traces of the South, but that given his Southern background, he should have arrived at social convictions at once so humane and so realistic.

The Tories know this. That is why they fear having a Justice Black on the Supreme Court. And in their fear they raise all sorts of false issues. Senator Black, they say, has not the background which would fit him for a judicial appointment. What do they really mean? If they mean he has not had judicial experience, then neither had Justices Brandeis, Stone (except on a military court), Sutherland, McReynolds, Butler, and Roberts before their appointment. If they mean he is not a good lawyer, then they have only to examine his record in the various Senate investigations which he headed. If they mean he is not learned enough and has not read enough (as the New York *Herald Tribune's* editorial and Dorothy Thompson both imply), then they are wrong: in fact, the very issue of the *Herald Tribune* which contained an editorial complaining of Senator Black's superficiality and lack of learning contained also a brilliant survey of his career from the paper's Washington bureau, describing him as "one of the most learned, one of the wittiest, and one of the most radical members of the Senate."

But the objection most frequently voiced against Senator Black is that he is a rasping political partisan, a consistent Roosevelt yes-man. Let it be made clear first of all that Senator Black is no one's man. He has, when he has found it necessary, fought Mr. Roosevelt—he fought him on the thirty-hour week, fought him on the NRA and its monopoly effects. He has, instead of following the President, often initiated policies which the President has followed. But his opponents might grant this and still say that his leftism, his championship of labor and the submerged third, excludes him from consideration for the judicial function. This is to take a naive view of the judicial function. There is no divine detachment, whether among judges or ordinary mortals. Every judge approaches a constitutional issue from the premises of his own views of social policy. The great judges in the history of the Court—Marshall, Taney, Field, Miller, Brandeis—have had pronounced political views when they ascended the bench. Marshall, the idol of the conservative commentators today, was the outstanding partisan of his day, the militant leader of the badly shattered Federalist forces as non-partisan as Jim Farley.

No, the objection of partisanship will not hold up. We do not ask whether a man has social views: what man worth his salt has not? What we ask is how enlightened those views are, with what integrity they are held, how much mature thought has gone into the making of them. Many opponents of President Roosevelt's plan for the reorganization of the court, while objecting to his proposed method, went with him in desiring a more liberal court. Well, the way to get a more liberal court is to appoint more liberal justices. It is to the President's credit that he has followed out the logic of this position unflinchingly. And it is to Senator Black's credit that his record so completely fulfills the same logic.

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What Japan Wants

IF Japan's latest adventure in China has aroused even greater suspicion in the United States than its earlier attacks on Manchuria and Shanghai, it is because the most cynical interpretation of its aims have always proved to be accurate. In 1931 the Japanese assured the world that they had no territorial ambitions in China, and that they would withdraw as soon as peace and order had been restored. At the same time they spoke of the necessity of safeguarding Japan's "life-line" in Manchuria and finding an outlet for its surplus population.

As Japanese troops moved successively into North Manchuria, Jehol, northern Hopei, and Chahar, the true character of their ambitions became progressively more apparent. The three eastern provinces were merely a convenient stepping-stone to the riches of China proper. Manchuria is far too cold for Japanese immigrants, and it has contributed but a small proportion of the raw materials which are desired by Japanese industry. The conquest of Manchuria has brought some increase in trade, but this has been more than offset by the costs of administration and the losses incurred as a result of the competition of cheap Manchurian products in the Japanese market.

Economically, North China offers far more than Manchuria. There are important iron deposits in Chahar, Shansi, and southern Hopei, while Shansi possesses immense quantities of high-grade coal. The Yellow River valley appears to offer infinite possibilities for the growth of cotton to replace the relatively high-priced American product. Climatic conditions are much more favorable to Japanese immigration than are in those of Manchuria and Jehol.

The Japanese are known to have drawn up plans for the exploitation of this territory under the puppet Hopei-Chahar Political Council, which has ruled North China for the past two years. A railway was to have been constructed from Tientsin to Shihchiachuang, which would have provided an outlet for the coal and iron of that region. The Lunyen iron works in southern Chahar were to have been reorganized and enlarged. But Japanese capital was loath to come into this area as long as it remained even nominally under Chinese sovereignty.

It is doubtful, however, whether Japanese aggression in China can be explained solely on economic grounds. In many ways Japan had greater economic opportunities prior to 1931, when it could exploit the entire Chinese market without fear of retaliation. Raw materials could be obtained freely through the normal channels of trade, while Japanese goods enjoyed preferential customs arrangements throughout the country. True, the Chinese were gradually gaining the upper hand in straight competition in Manchuria, but the threat was a comparatively minor one. The Manchurian coup appears to have been staged primarily to give the fascist elements in Japan an opportunity to seize power. And having seized power, they have relied on external threats to preserve the patriotic fervor upon which their power depends. The economic difficulties which Japan has encountered in the past few months as a result of its declining trade balance have made a revival of war psychology seem particularly desirable.

But even more important than these factors in the minds of the Japanese military leaders who are responsible for the invasion of China is preparation for war with the Soviet Union. Since the defeat of the Japanese expedition against Suiyuan last November, it has been apparent that the strategic areas of Inner Mongolia could only be obtained if all North China were brought into subjugation. Control of Chahar and Suiyuan is the first step for a drive through Outer Mongolia with the ultimate objective of cutting the trans-Siberian railway at Lake Baikal. This gives particular significance to the battle now raging at Nankow Pass.

On the basis of past experience, the Japanese undoubtedly felt that they could obtain their main objectives without resort to war. But if China throws its entire energies into resistance, it is an open question whether Japan can possibly achieve gains consistent with the tremendous cost of the undertaking. It might be able to consolidate its position in North China, but as long as an independent China exists south of the Yellow River, Japan's position in North China will be open to exactly the same threat which it has felt in Manchuria these past few years. Yet to invade South China for the purpose of consolidating its gains in the north would be to involve itself in a protracted struggle which could only end in the economic exhaustion of both countries. And even if Japan were victorious in its military struggle with China, it is impossible to believe that the powers would stand idly by and permit the Asiatic market to be absorbed by a tiny island empire which has trampled all the laws of nations.

The Loyalist Dilemma

WHEN a country is engulfed in a struggle which is at once a social revolution, a civil war, and an international war conducted on a dozen different fronts within its own narrow boundaries, it is unlikely to be at the same time a model of democracy and political liberty. Those precious goods are the by-products of peace and security long maintained. To expect them in Spain today is to relinquish political common sense. The most that can reasonably be hoped for is an honest effort on the part of the Loyalist government to defend the basic aims of the People's Front, to protect the lives and civil rights of even its political opponents in the anti-fascist ranks, and to maintain its own authority over the parties that comprise its support. Today it is attacked from various radical angles for failure in just these respects. In weighing the justice of the charge it is necessary to consider the situation of Loyalist Spain after a year of war.

Within the year both the war itself and the nature and methods of the government waging it have funda-

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mentally changed. At the start, the courageous operations of independent labor militias were sufficient to stand off and in many instances to quell the fascist attack. The Catalonian workers, in particular, completely cleared their country of rebels and established their own proletarian commonwealth in the midst of the general war. There and all over Loyalist Spain the war was fought and society was reorganized under the flags and according to the programs of a wide range of revolutionary orders—Anarcho-Syndicalist, Communist, Socialist, P.O.U.M. Many of them were mutually hostile but all were joined by the most profoundly fusing force in human society—fear and the need for a common resistance.

But fear is no substitute for organization; and as the bases of the struggle shifted and Franco's rebellion became merely the spearhead of a general European offensive by the fascist powers, the necessity for centralized control rapidly developed. The Loyalists could rally to their aid little outside support, although what they got—planes and technicians from Soviet Russia and the disciplined valor of the volunteer International Brigade—saved Madrid from capture and perhaps prevented the collapse of the whole Loyalist resistance. Certainly the cynical equivocation of the British government and the weak and vacillating sympathy of the French proved poor substitutes for the troops, supplies, and technical aid poured into rebel territory through the easy loopholes of "non-intervention" by Mussolini and Hitler. Loyalist Spain had to build its own army and a government with sufficient power to run a country and a war.

In a year, miracles of organization have taken place. The militias have become, by the report of every detached observer, a strong and well-trained modern army. The government has largely weeded out disloyalty and inefficiency in its own ranks and among the officers. It has attacked if not solved the problems of organizing production and supply for the fighting forces. That this has required profound inner changes goes without saying. Social control in the interest of the war has tended to supplant revolution in the interest of a new social order. In some cases this has meant that factories formerly under trade-union control have been taken over by the government, though many, especially in Catalonia, are still run by the workers. The drive to collectivize farms has been checked, and small individual enterprises, commercial as well as agricultural, are protected when they operate efficiently. In short, the tempo of socialization—especially under Anarcho-Syndicalist direction—has been decreased. This is partly due to the wartime need for coordination, discussed above. But also it results from the government's desire to hold and reassure anti-fascist elements in the middle class—small independent farmers, small business men, groups traditionally democratic but not revolutionary. And partly the change has come under pressure from the Soviet Union and from those parties in the government itself which seek to placate the democratic powers and secure from France and Britain, if not support, at least a more benevolent neutrality. The wheels of revolution, although not halted, have been slowed down and geared into the war machine. And as the result of this shift, deep social and political crevasses have opened in the Loyalist front.

A huge rent was torn by the struggle during May in Barcelona. And since those dark days a succession of incidents, most of them in Catalonia, has demonstrated the growing tendency of the government to suppress opposition, and the growing resistance of extreme revolutionary elements to centralized power and the compromise of revolutionary principles and practices. In the process prominent left leaders have been killed or arrested or have dropped out of sight without explanation. Andres Nin, leader of the P.O.U.M. in Catalonia, has disappeared and his death has been reported though not confirmed. José Escuder, P.O.U.M. official and prominent newspaper correspondent, is under arrest. And these are only two sensational cases among many reported in the Socialist and Anarchist press. Most disquieting of all, the charge has been made, not only by partisan groups but by correspondents on the spot, that the Spanish Communists are taking direct action in suppressing and exterminating opposition to the government and its policy and are becoming in fact the illegal power behind the Popular Front. A letter from Anita Brenner protesting against this growing terror appears in our correspondence columns this week.

The help extended to Loyalist Spain by the Soviet Union undoubtedly gave the Communists an upper hand in the left front and increased the growth and influence of the Spanish Communist Party itself. This fact and its implications were discussed in a recent issue of *The Nation* by Louis Fischer, who expressed the fear then that the party, after absorbing the Right Socialists, might develop into a political monopoly which would "threaten the democracy that exists in Spain today." He also emphasized the government's need of consolidating its power without alienating valuable proletarian support.

The change we have summarized was by and large inevitable, forced by the logic of war and the particular circumstances of the Loyalist struggle. The bitter reaction of the extreme revolutionaries was inevitable, too, and by the same token some degree of repression must be expected. But the way to meet opposition is not through terror. It seems clear that the Loyalist government has yielded too far to the temptation to substitute force for persuasion and violence for law and has permitted outrages it should have been able to prevent. We are not proposing a program of perfection to a government faced with the desperate choices offered in Spain, but a few conclusions are possible. One is that the lives and freedom of loyal revolutionary leaders must be protected and every form of revolutionary activity allowed that can be carried on without hurt to the progress of the war. A second is that the government must attend to its own tasks of discipline and repress the vigilantism of its supporters with at least the vigor it has used against its opponents on the left. These are minimum prerequisites for the continued cooperation of the revolutionary anti-fascist forces in Spain. Without that cooperation, even a victory over fascism would be an empty triumph.

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Roosevelt Fights Back

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

EXACTLY one year ago Mr. Roosevelt began the election campaign that was to return him to the White House by the greatest victory in the history of the presidency. With him he carried into office a Democratic Congress of unprecedented proportions. In a few days the first session of that Congress will come to a close. It will leave behind it a sordid record of broken promises and shattered hopes. With the single exception of the $1,500,000,000 relief appropriation, every major item of the President's legislative program has been slaughtered or mutilated beyond recognition.

The court bill that finally emerged from the wreckage of his six-judge plan is a travesty on the far-reaching reforms he sought. It is true that under the threat of the President's attack Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts, performing the miraculous feat of reversing themselves in mid-air, forced the Court, by the hairline margin of a five-to-four count, to go "liberal." It is also true that under the same pressure Justice Van Devanter, one of the reactionary hatchet-men, was prevailed on to retire to his Maryland acres. But the real essence of the President's assault on the judicial oligarchy was destroyed. That oligarchy remains unchanged and unbroken.

The wage-hour bill, after being whittled down to a wraith in the Senate, was garroted in the House Rules Committee by a coalition of reactionary Southern Democrats and Republicans. The action of the committee in refusing to give the measure a rule so it could be considered by the House, where its passage was certain, was an infamous and sinister usurpation of power. Never before in the history of the House has the Rules Committee blocked a bill sought by the President and the majority party in office. After three years of heart-breaking struggle, a feeble caricature of the Wagner low-cost housing bill was finally adopted. Led by Senator Harry Byrd, millionaire orchardist of Virginia, a combination of Southern Democrats, Republicans, and renegade Western progressives, including Wheeler of Montana, Nye and Frazier of North Dakota, and Johnson of California, sabotaged the measure in the Senate by limiting construction costs to $1,000 a room. This restriction eliminates any possibility of slum clearance in the great industrial centers which need it most. In the House Banking Committee the legislation was still further aborted by a reduced appropriation. The record in agriculture is a complete blank. And the same may be said of the President's government reorganization plan.

This audacious rout of his whole program has left the President angry and embittered. Men close to him say they have never seen him so aroused. The capital abounds with reports of his ire. The story is told that when Roy Howard, head of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, recently called on the President, he took his caller sharply to task for abandoning the liberalism of "old man Scripps" and going reactionary. It is related that Senator Tom Connally, long-haired bellower from Texas, and Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, Tory chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, ran into unexpected tongue-lashings when they hot-footed it to the White House to demand government loans after the break in the cotton market. Even the newspapermen have been caustically rebuked.

What the President is going to do about his rebuffs and mauling at the hands of the reactionaries in Congress besides bawling out the Howards, Connallys, and "Cotton Ed" Smiths is a subject in which they as well as his liberal supporters are intensely interested. In the opinion of this writer he is going to do a lot about it. He has already begun to hit back. The appointment of Senator Black to the Supreme Court vacancy was the first blow.

The hard-hitting Alabama liberal was not seriously considered for the place until the President's fury against the reactionary Southern Democrats boiled over. When the House Rules Committee completed the wreckage of his legislative program by autocratically blocking consideration of the wage-hour bill, he brushed aside his previous plan to make a middle-of-the-road appointment and turned to the one leader in the South who had gone 100 per cent down the line for him. Black's selection is an excellent one. He is comparatively young, he is a good lawyer, he is a liberal of proven courage, and he has had twelve years of exceptional experience in national affairs.

Had the Southern coterie not destroyed his legislative program and challenged his continued leadership of the Democratic Party, the President would not have named Black. But angered to fighting pitch by obstructionism and revolt, he threw the Alabama New Dealer into their faces as the first gauge of battle. The President first began seriously thinking of appointing Black after Vice-President Garner betrayed him by surrendering on the court fight. When the Southerners came within an ace of defeating the wage-hour bill and later crippled the housing measure, this impulse developed into a definite intention. The day after the housing bill crept out of the Senate a mangled wreck, a White House emissary asked Black if he would accept the Supreme Court appointment if it was given him. The answer was yes. A week later, on the night of the day that the Rules Committee turned thumbs down on the wage-hour bill, the President made up his mind. He told no one that he had done so, not even his personal secretaries. At 10 o'clock the following night he summoned Black to the White House and informed him of his decision.

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What the President's next move in the struggle will be remains to be seen. Some of his militant advisers have urged him to jerk Congress back into special session this fall and demand that it enact his program. Other counsellors have cautioned patience and a more deliberate counter-attack. They favor taking advantage of the four-month interim before the next regular session by a campaign of "education" over the radio and sorties about the country. Such tactics, they contend, would enable the President to build local fires under his opponents and at the same time reinforce his own popular support. Whatever line of action the President follows, one thing is certain. The fight is on. Its consequences are incalculable, but they are sure to be far-reaching. A completely new political realignment, with Mr. Roosevelt seeking a third term at the head of a remodeled Democratic Party, is not at all improbable.

The Old Guard axemen are riding high at the moment. The President has taken a very severe beating at their hands. But their triumph is pretty much a "palace revolution." The President has not lost his popular following. Even his enemies admit that. Further, he is angry and really aroused. And when Mr. Roosevelt hates, he hates deeply and vengefully. The President never forgets an affront or injury. And the reactionary politicos know that. This accounts for their well-grounded fear of reprisals and their clamorous yapping for assurances that none will be taken against them. Big Jim Farley has soothingly promised the boys that everything will be all right; but Mr. Roosevelt, very significantly, has said nothing. Finally, there is a highly important tactical factor that is playing into the President's hands. His reactionary enemies have overreached themselves. Had they stopped with the smashing of his court plan and let the remainder of his program go through he would have been hard put to raise the cry of obstructionism. They could have claimed that he had gone too far on the court issue, and pointed to the enactment of his other measures as proof of their patriotism and loyalty. But in scuttling his entire program they have created a situation exactly similar to that which one year ago enabled him, despite the opposition of most of the newspapers of the country, the frenzied howls of the Liberty League, the millions of the Du Ponts, Raskobs, Rockefellers, Morgans, and Mellons, and the walk-outs of the Al Smiths, Jim Reeds, and other turncoats, to sweep forty-six states, to the tune of 27,000,000 votes.

The Old Guard in its berserk stupidity has put all the trump cards in the President's hands. He can annihilate it if he has the guts and intelligence to play them right.

Will France Go Syndicalist?

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, August 2

EVER since the "stay-in" strikes in the early summer of last year it has been asserted from time to time that France is on the verge of revolution. During the strikes the wildest stories were published in the press of various countries. There was talk of rioting, violence, and even of murder. Many of these stories were spread by French people politically on the right in order to damage the People's Front government, which had come into office on June 1, 1936. I was told last year by an American friend in Switzerland that a French count and countess staying in the same hotel had said that in the place where they lived in France a factory had been taken by storm and the owner of it had been murdered. The story turned out to be a pure invention. I was in Paris at the time of the "stay-in" strikes, and I have never seen strikes more orderly. The strikers, enthusiastic as they were, were perfectly good tempered and there was no violence of any sort. The strikes had no revolutionary aims—they were strikes to obtain better conditions of labor and nothing else—but it is quite true that the method of the "stay-in" strike might be very useful in the event of a revolutionary movement.

Now, on the other hand, conditions in France have, in my opinion, become revolutionary, and a revolutionary—or at least unconstitutional—movement is possible in the near future. It will not, if it comes, be made by the Socialist or Communist Party, but by the C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), the French trade-union federation. Last year's strikes gave an enormous impetus to the French trade-union movement. Applications for membership poured in in such numbers that the trade-union officials could not cope with them. In certain industries the trade-union membership was increased tenfold in a few weeks. The increase has gone on steadily, and the trade unions affiliated with the C.G.T. now have more than 5,000,000 members—a larger membership than in England or in any other country except Soviet Russia. The organized workers are thus about 12 per cent of the whole French population and represent with their families a much larger proportion. In 1914 the membership of the trade unions affiliated with the C.G.T. was considerably less than one million, and they were much less strongly organized than now. The C.G.T. has become the strongest force in France.

The C.G.T. is not and never has been connected with any political party, although, of course, many of its members belong to one, usually Socialist or Communist. Before the war it had an economic theory of its own, which was known as syndicalism. *Syndicat* is the French word for trade union. Syndicalism is fundamentally opposed to the totalitarian state, to any form of state so-

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cialism or state capitalism, and indeed to the political state itself. It is not Marxist, but derives from Proudhon, Saint-Simon, and to a certain extent from Bakunin, the great adversary of Marx. It believes in the public ownership of land and natural monopolies but holds that the labor of the community should be organized by the trade unions, not by the state or by the government. With Saint-Simon, Syndicalists wish to substitute the administration of things for the government of men and, with Proudhon, they believe that in the future the workshop will take the place of the government. They are libertarian and anti-parliamentarist.

From the first, French trade unions, unlike the English and German, were revolutionary in their character. They aimed not merely at improving the condition of the workers immediately, but also at a radical change in the whole economic system. The C.G.T. was founded in 1895, but it was not until 1906, at an annual congress held at Amiens, that by an overwhelming majority it definitely repudiated parliamentary methods, adopted the syndicalist theory, and approved of the general strike as the method of achieving the social revolution. From that date until the war there was a bitter conflict between the C.G.T. and the Socialist Party.

A sharp division of opinion about the war split both the Socialist Party and the C.G.T. in two. In 1920, at the Tours congress, the majority of the Socialists voted for affiliation with the Third International and became the Communist Party. There was a similar split in the C.G.T., leading to the formation of a second trade-union federation, called the C.G.T.U., which professed to carry on the revolutionary syndicalism of the pre-war C.G.T. but was in fact dominated by the Communist Party. The old C.G.T. became "reformist" and abandoned revolutionary methods. In 1936 the two federations were once more united under the old title, and it was this merger that paved the way for the revival of trade unionism in France.

Although a great many of the officials of the C.G.T. and of the local trade-union secretaries belong to the Communist Party, the C.G.T. has during the last twelve months been gradually returning to pre-war syndicalism. Even many former leaders of the C.G.T.U. are steadily becoming more and more Syndicalist and less and less Communist. The truth is that most of them never really were Marxists and rallied to the Communist Party because it was revolutionary and the C.G.T. had become "reformist." Léon Jouhaux, who is still general secretary of the C.G.T., as he was before the war, is once more the revolutionary Jouhaux whom I knew a quarter of a century ago.

In my opinion, syndicalism is much more suited to the French temperament than Marxist socialism or, as it is now usually called, communism. Perhaps, regarding their ultimate ideals, there is less difference between the Marxists and the Syndicalists than they think, but they differ profoundly about the methods of attaining their ideals. The French would never accept a system of state capitalism, such as at present exists in Soviet Russia, however much they might be told that it was only a transition stage. The totalitarian state in any form is detestable to Frenchmen. In any case the revival in France of anti-parliamentarism of the left and revolutionary syndicalism has become very marked recently and seems likely to have important consequences. It would not surprise me if the Socialist and Communist parties were ultimately swamped by the C.G.T.

There is at present among Socialists and Communists a movement in favor of union in a single party, which seems likely to succeed in the near future. There are practical difficulties in the way of reunion, such as the question whether the unified party should be affiliated with the Second or the Third International. Presumably it would be affiliated with the Third, but in that case it would certainly be unwilling to take orders from Moscow. Indeed, the French Communist Party shows an increasing tendency toward independence, and it may be that one of the reasons why the Communist leaders are in favor of an amalgamation of the Socialist and Communist parties is that they wish to be in a stronger position in regard to Moscow. The wholesale purge now going on in Russia has done great harm to Stalin's reputation in France, where its real motives are as little known as they are elsewhere.

An amalgamated Socialist-Communist party might be better able to come to terms with the C.G.T. than the two existing parties, but even if that be so, the amalgamation is not likely to come in time to prevent a breach with the C.G.T. The immediate cause of the great revival of revolutionary syndicalism and anti-parliamentarism is the failure of the People's Front, for it has failed and it can hardly hold together much longer. And the ultimate cause of its failure was its foreign policy, or rather the lack of any policy of its own and its subservience to a reactionary British government. Léon Blum's capitulation to the British government on August 8, 1936, on the question of Spain was deeply resented by nine-tenths of his followers, and now that the disastrous consequences of the capitulation are evident, the resentment is deeper than ever.

In the last days of July, 1936, Léon Blum had decided to give every facility to the Spanish government for obtaining war material in France. A letter that he wrote to the Spanish embassy in Paris giving full particulars of what he was prepared to do came into the hands of the Italian government, no doubt by the treachery of somebody in the Spanish embassy favorable to Franco, and was published by the Italian press some months later. Among other things Pierre Cot, the French Air Minister, had authorized the French airplane manufacturers who had contracts with the government to sell to the Spanish government all the airplanes ready for delivery to the French Army.

On August 2, 1936, the French government decided under British pressure to propose to the other governments a policy of "non-intervention" in Spain, but it was clearly indicated that Paris would not put an embargo on exports of war material to Spain unless and until all the other governments did the same. The British Foreign Office got wind of the arrangements made by Léon Blum

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with the Spanish government, and between August 2 and August 8 Sir George Clerk, who was then British Ambassador to Paris, called on Yvon Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, and informed him that if by reason of the delivery of French war materials to the Spanish government, France got into trouble with Germany, the British government would not regard a German attack on France as an unprovoked aggression, and the Treaty of Locarno would therefore not come into operation. This was in reality mere bluff. The British government will always go to the aid of France if that country is attacked by Germany, because it will never run the risk of allowing the French channel ports to be in German hands.

Léon Blum no doubt knew that it was bluff, but the three leading Radical ministers—Delbos, Edmond Daladier, Minister of War, and Camille Chautemps, the present Prime Minister—threatened to resign unless the French government immediately put an embargo on the export of all war material to Spain. At a ministerial council held on August 8, 1936, the matter was discussed. The Cabinet was divided on the question, but finally Blum gave way to the Radicals, and the embargo demanded by them was decided on.

Before the ministerial council was held, the C.G.T. brought strong pressure on Blum to stand firm even if the Radical ministers carried out their threat of resignation and even if it meant the break-up of the People's Front. The view of the C.G.T. was that if Blum stood firm and if the Radical ministers resigned, the Radical Party would split in two and Blum would retain a diminished majority in the Chamber of Deputies. In any case the C.G.T. held that it was better to take the risk than to betray the Spanish government under British pressure. The Communist Party at first supported the C.G.T. in this action, but backed out at the last moment for reasons of internal politics and also, perhaps, under pressure from Moscow, anxious not to risk the disruption of the People's Front. This action on the part of the Communists is resented by the C.G.T. to this day. The result was that the French government applied an embargo and stopped the export of war material to Spain while the German and Italian governments discussed the question of "non-intervention" for a month before they agreed to it and meanwhile poured into Spain war material and even troops for Franco. As everybody knows, the "non-intervention" agreement was never observed by Germany or Italy after they had signed it. This is what is so deeply resented by the French workmen.

Had Blum stuck to his original policy in regard to Spain, he could have induced the French workers to allow the government to go more slowly in the application of the forty-hour week and other social measures. As it was, he was obliged to push those measures too quickly in the hope of allaying the discontent caused by the Spanish policy of the government. The incompetence of Vincent Auriol, the Minister of Finance, did the rest, and the People's Front government succumbed to the attack of the great financial interests. The government that has succeeded it is not really a People's Front government but a coalition of right-wing Radicals and right-wing Socialists, to which the inclusion of Léon Blum, Pierre Cot, and one or two others gives a delusive People's Front appearance.

The Spanish policy was only the first of the many blunders in foreign policy made by the Blum government, thanks to its subservience to England. After a year in office, that government has left France in a worse position than she has been in for half a century. Nearly all her Eastern friends and allies have been alienated, and France has almost ceased to count as a factor in European politics. This, too, is now recognized by an increasing number of French workers. But it is the betrayal of republican Spain that rankles most, and the downfall of the Blum government really dates from that betrayal. The last straw has been the acceptance by the French government of Anthony Eden's hypocritical plan for aiding Franco. By agreeing to the recognition of belligerent rights for Franco in any circumstances and by keeping the Franco-Spanish frontier closed, the Socialist ministers have defied a resolution unanimously adopted by the national congress of the Socialist Party held in Marseilles in July, a resolution which all the Socialist ministers themselves had supported.

The consequence of all this is that a rapidly increasing number of French workmen say that they are disgusted with all the political parties and all the politicians, that there must be something demoralizing in the parliamentary system, and that the only hope is in the C.G.T. and "direct action." "We will have Chautemps out in October, by hook or by crook!" That is what one hears on every side. Léon Blum's influence, once so great, has been seriously impaired and he and his group have only a small majority on the newly elected national executive committee of the Socialist Party.

The formation by the C.G.T. of a non-parliamentary government is seriously contemplated. A government composed wholly or partly of persons not members of parliament would not in itself be unconstitutional. The French Constitution does not require ministers to be members of the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies, and although there has never yet been a French Prime Minister who was not either a senator or a deputy, there have often been other ministers who were neither. Would the President of France consent to ask Léon Jouhaux, for instance, to form a cabinet and, if he did consent, would such a cabinet obtain a majority in the Chamber of Deputies? The answer to both these questions is doubtful, but the Syndicalists say that they would do without the consent of the President and the approval of the Chamber, if necessary. That would mean something very like a revolution, for a government existing under such conditions would clearly be unconstitutional.

I do not say that this will happen, for I do not know whether it will happen or not. But I do say that it is at least possible. If it happens, the British government and the British Foreign Office will be indirectly responsible, for the ultimate cause will have been their pressure on Léon Blum and his colleagues to adopt a policy detested by nine-tenths of the supporters of the People's Front.

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Vigilantism, 1937—II

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

BIG BUSINESS VIGILANTISM (CONTINUED)

LAST week I presented in detail the notorious Mohawk Valley Formula. It differs from all other vigilante programs in two important ways. First, it is intelligent. In fact, it is brilliant in its cynical and logical brutality. It is based on the experiences in the Remington Rand strikes of last year, from which it deduces a new technique of strike-breaking. And second, it shows big business how it can build a vigilante movement of its own. This mitigates the danger of a runaway vigilantism, organized and controlled by crackpots, adventurers, and gangsters. The Mohawk Valley Formula proposes to set up in each disturbed industrial community a citizens committee under whose amenable, respectable, and innocent auspices both the terror of the vigilante outfit and the reaction or corruption of the local authorities can be guided and exploited.

The ten scab commandments of the formula were followed with orthodox fidelity during the strike in Little Steel. And the thing worked. The strike was broken. There might have been another story to tell if the strike had been carefully prepared and called at the ripe moment. But that is speculation. What actually happened is that the scientific strategy of big business vigilantism defeated the poorly planned guerilla tactics of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee.

In former days so-called citizens committees were merely sub-committees of the local chambers of commerce and other business men's organizations. Under the Mohawk Valley Formula these citizens committees have become the local staffs of the vigilante movement. Johnstown, in view of its complete dependence on one big mill, was chosen as the ideal strike-breaking experimental station. The Johnstown Citizens Committee was actually organized between June 18 and 22, with Sidney D. Evans and other executives of Bethlehem Steel in the background. It was organized in protest against Governor Earle's declaration of martial law on June 18, when the state authorities disbanded Mayor Shields's 300 deputized vigilantes. The committee's expensive labors are being subsidized by the steel companies. This is equally true of the citizens committees and law-and-order leagues in Massillon, Canton, Youngstown, all through the Mohawk and Mahoning valleys, where Little Steel is king. The Johnstown Citizens Committee has been the model whose tactics the other centers copied, usually with more violence, as the strikes developed.

The Johnstown Citizens Committee is made up of local business men and preachers. The chairman is Francis C. Martin, a local banker. The most vociferous member is the Reverend John H. Stanton, a typical Elmer Gantry in his views on labor. His close second is the Reverend George W. Nicely. The official Führer is Lawrence W. Campbell, secretary of the local chamber of commerce. Short, fat, bald, chinless, and ex-ophthalmic, Mr. Campbell is in a constant state of frantic excitement about the national role he expects to play in the Citizens National Committee. At the height of the strike he was forever rushing about taking down the names of pickets, inciting the authorities into provocative and illegal action, calling meetings of various subcommittees of his outfit. "Yesterday I saw two girls picketing during their lunch hour. Communists. They work here in a dress shop. So I called up their boss, and ten minutes later they were fired." Little Lawrence is also a deep thinker: "America is great because of the separation of church and state. Now, the C.I.O., which is really a religious movement, is controlling the state. That's where we lose our liberties. Don't you think that's a pretty good analysis?"

But Lawrence Campbell, for all his self-importance, is not the captain of his soul. His local mentor is Mr. Douglas Campbell, who represents the John Price Jones Corporation of New York City. And the John Price Jones Corporation, which in real life is Mr. John Price Jones, is the guiding genius of the Johnstown committee.

John Price Jones is as different from Lawrence Campbell as Tom Lamont from a small-town banker. Mr. Jones was born in Latrobe, not far from Johnstown. He married a Johnstown girl and has never quite lost touch with his old home section. He is Johnstown's permanent friend in need. He is such a local patriot that he gave up his class reunion at Harvard to put the Johnstown Citizens Committee on its feet. Since his graduation from college he has made good in a big way. The John Price Jones Corporation is one of the largest publicity and money-raising firms in the country. Mr. Jones raised the money for the Salvation Army, for the Harvey Gibson Committee, which relieved New York City before the government stepped in, for Bishop Manning's Gothic elephant, for the University of Pennsylvania. He is also a partner in Thornley and Jones, Inc., of 70 Pine Street, New York City. George H. Thornley was formerly connected with N. W. Ayer and Son of Philadelphia, who do the advertising for Henry Ford. And when Mr. Thornley heard about the Johnstown Citizens Committee he exclaimed: "I know that Edsel Ford will be interested in this great movement."

Just two days after the hasty organization of the Johnstown Citizens Committee, on June 24, the committee had sufficient funds "from thousands of real Americans" to run a full-page ad in forty leading American newspapers at an estimated cost of $65,000. (In a previous article I mistakenly gave the figure as $55,000.) The ad protested against the federal and state

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authorities for refusing to give protection to the "back-to-work" movement, thus causing violence, chaos, and the breakdown of organized society. It was paid for almost entirely by Little Steel.

From June 24 to July 15 Johnstown was for all practical purposes under the control of the citizens committee. The Mayor and the police force were its agents. Its publicity blasts succeeded in frightening Governor Earle into lifting martial law, which he had invoked to enforce the status quo, thereby keeping the Cambria plants closed at the time. When martial law was lifted, the Governor merely left a skeleton force of the state motor police under Captain William A. Clark, whose jurisdiction was confined to the mills and their immediate vicinity. Earle of course really wanted the state police to remain impartial. But Captain Clark, an old cossack in the force for many years, simply double-crossed the Governor by acting as a stooge for Bethlehem Steel and its innocent front, the citizens committee.

On July 3 Captain Clark called in the press with a grave air. He had big news. At 3 a.m. the Pennsylvania Railroad police had arrested a George Layton, 21, a former reformatory inmate, for throwing three sticks of dynamite on the tracks of the Cambria carrier, the Conemaugh and Blacklick Railroad. Fortunately the dynamite failed to explode. The prisoner was cooperatively detained by the local, state, and Pennsylvania Railroad police. He had no lawyer. While the Captain was talking, the telephone rang and the local police informed him that Layton had implicated two railroad workers, Calvin Updyke and George Owens, who had fixed him to do the job. The Captain was pleased at this splendid police work. But immediate inquiry at the Brotherhoods of Railway Conductors and Trainmen disclosed the fact that Updyke had been a "loyal" company stooge for 35 years and Owens for 20. They had been the ringleaders in the formation of the company union. Obviously somebody had made a bad slip, and Bethlehem Steel was caught framing itself. These tactics no doubt also explain the explosion of a stick of dynamite inside the Gautier gates of the Cambria on June 15, and the dynamiting of the two water mains which feed the Cambria.

Three hours after Updyke and Owens were detained, the company whitewashed them on the ground that some bad mistake must have been made. Some thirty hours later they were released. And on July 6 Layton implicated Louis A. Pegg, the chairman of the striking trainmen on the Conemaugh and Blacklick.

The strike was petering out. And the success of the new vigilantism gave the citizens committee movement the idea of organizing itself on a national scale. The Johnstown Citizens Committee was chosen to call a national convention for July 15 in Johnstown. Lawrence Campbell claimed that thousands of letters of enthusiastic approval were pouring in, some inclosing small checks and bills. But the letter that interested me most was from Senator Copeland of New York:

> I have done my best for you. I took the matter up with Senator Bridges and some of the other Senators. I was deeply moved by your letter.

Finally on July 15 representatives of various citizens committees, law-and-order leagues, chambers of commerce, big industries from a dozen states, and a few riff-raff vigilante movements met in Johnstown to form a Citizens National Committee, dedicated to the "inalienable constitutional right to work." Dr. Gustavus W. Dyer, professor of economics at Vanderbilt University, hailed the meeting as "the rising sun for the protection of American liberties." "Thank God for Tom Girdler," shouted J. G. Lester, chairman of the Massillon Citizens Committee. "I think we ought to send him a telegram congratulating him for smoking out those Communists, John L. Lewis, Madame Perkins, and President Roosevelt." The National Labor Relations Board was attacked viciously. The gist of all the arguments was again that government had "broken down," failing to protect the worker in his right to earn a living. On July 16 another expensive full-page ad was run, again paid for largely by Little Steel. And this time the ad had a definitely provocative and sinister appeal to vigilantism.

The chairman of this newly organized Citizens National Committee is the Reverend John H. Stanton; the national secretary is Lawrence Campbell. The rest of the committee consists of obscure reactionaries, some of whom, especially those from the South, have long vigilante, anti-Semitic, Negro-hating, labor-baiting records.

The Johnstown Citizens Committee technique was applied all through the Little Steel area. The Mahoning Valley Citizens Committee, whose chairman is the Reverend Roland Luhman of Youngstown, ran three characteristic full-page ads in the Youngstown *Daily Vindicator*. The two leading spirits in this Youngstown vigilante outfit are Carl Ullman, president of the Dollar Savings and Trust Company, and Walter O. R. Johnson, a lawyer, who is also head of the American Legion. In the Ohio cities the citizens committees were less well organized than in Johnstown. But their terror was more intense because of the ultra-willing collaboration of Governor Davey, who used the National Guard as an open strike-breaking agency.

To sum up, the present vigilante drive is better organized, better financed, and more dangerous than any of its predecessors. It is in the initial stages of organization by big industry itself. It exploits all the local reactionaries and crackpots through citizens committees and law-and-order leagues. And it exerts pressure on the local authorities "to do their duty." I have shown how the thing works in Johnstown. In his brilliant piece of reporting in *The Nation* of August 7, Paul Anderson showed how they did the job in Massillon, where two workers were killed and fifteen wounded. The connection between the Chicago Memorial Day massacre and Republic Steel came out in the La Follette hearings.

FORD AND THE UNDERWORLD

Henry Ford plays in vigilantism the same independent game he has always played in industry. He has always hated "Wall Street." He still hates it. And today he is our biggest vigilante-independent. At River Rouge he has his own private underworld to terrorize the workers.

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For all his genius as a garage mechanic, old Henry does not understand the world he lives in. Proud of his ignorance of history, he has never heard of Herr Thyssen of the Ruhr, who subsidized Hitler and now is on an enforced though luxurious vacation in South America. Ford brought into River Rouge the underworld gangs of Detroit and their leaders, who now control the plant. And the man who did this job is the notorious Harry Bennett.

Harry Bennett is a war product. During the war he was in the navy, where he acquired some reputation as a prize-fighter. Finally he drifted into Michigan and into Ford's. There he got into the personnel department and, being undeniably a gentleman of considerable parts, he gradually came to control it. In time he built up the Ford Service Men—with the aid of one Joseph Palma, who is now the Ford agent at Staten Island and—of all things!—the Fusion president of the borough of Richmond. The backbone of the Ford Service organization is today the Down River gang of Detroit under the leadership of one Angelo Caruso.

There are about 800 underworld characters in the Ford Service organization. They are the Storm Troops. They make no pretense at working, but are merely "keeping order" in the plant community through terror. Around this nucleus of 800 yeggs there are, however, between 8,000 and 9,000 authentic workers in the organization, a great many of them spies and stool-pigeons and a great many others who have been browbeaten into joining this industrial mafia. There are almost 90,000 workers in River Rouge, and because of this highly organized terror and spy system the fear in the plant is something indescribable. During the lunch hour men shout at the top of their voices about the baseball scores lest they be suspected of talking unionism. Every man suspected of union sympathies is immediately fired, usually under the framed-up charge of "starting a fight," in which he often gets terribly beaten up. Nor is the Ford Service terror only intramural. Workers' homes are under constant surveillance. Harry Bennett's power extends beyond Dearborn to Detroit. In certain localities in Michigan judges and other state officials cannot run for office without a petition with a specified number of signatures. It is said that Bennett conveys such petitions on the belt line, and in one afternoon the prospective candidate has all the signatures he needs.

During the first half of July the American press carried on its front pages the story of the violence precipitated by Harry Bennett's vigilante movement at River Rouge. This publicity is increasingly resented by Messrs. Sorenson and Cameron, the Ford production manager and Ford's secretary, respectively. They feel that the Ford Service organization hurts the company, and instead they want to push a disguised company union named the Ford Brotherhood, Incorporated. This fake union was organized last June by a small lawyer in Detroit named William S. McDowell, who specializes in half a dozen such incorporated unions. But the Ford executives do not know how to get rid of Harry Bennett, whose complete hold on Henry Ford was developed because of the old man's tremendous fear, even before the days of the kidnapping racket, that Edsel or one of his grandchildren might be kidnapped. Bennett developed a regular little garrison to protect the Ford family. And he got himself on Ford's personal pay roll in complete independence of the plant executives.

The fact is that the gangsters are in control of River Rouge today. And the leading authority on the Michigan vigilante movement among the newspapermen in Detroit told me that even Ford himself is afraid—fantastic as it may sound—of the gangster organization he has reared.

Except for the Ford terror, vigilantism in Michigan is less efficiently organized, though probably more widespread, than in Pennsylvania and Ohio. In Michigan, as well as in Indiana and Illinois, the vigilante movement is still largely local, disconnected, and erratic, in the hands of illiterates and loons. Their literature lacks the polish of the big advertising agency and the effectiveness of high-pressure management.

WHAT PRICE JONES?

Big business is engaged in a mighty, well-planned, slanderous, and violent campaign against the whole New Deal program. Its main attack of course is directed against the C.I.O., which represents the awakening of the American masses, and the defeat of which would mean the rout of the New Deal. The Administration has met this attack—by withdrawing. Such an attitude can lead only to an increase in vigilantism. During the next congressional recess the government should map out the legislative "must" program to fight this menace. The President should make a series of national broadcasts to build an electoral fire under the reactionary Democrats in Congress. No Vandenberg castration of the Wagner Act should be permitted. Indeed, the Wagner Act should be clarified, strengthened, and made enforceable. Unequivocal legislation prohibiting every expression of vigilantism should be promptly enacted. What's wrong with the New Deal is not the gradualness of its economic reforms but its incapacity to enforce these reforms. A democracy which fails to enforce itself is not a democracy but an involuntary prologue to fascism. As long as every American knows that eighteen strikers can be killed with impunity, while Tom Girdler defies the federal law, just so long the New Deal will not work; will indeed work less and less. And vigilantism will grow.

The other and greater anti-vigilante force is, of course, organized labor itself. The responsibility of men like John Lewis and Phil Murray is historic. Labor must be organized intelligently, strategically, quickly but not hastily. The C.I.O. cannot afford a long apprenticeship of trial and error. Major errors may be fatal. And above all, the C.I.O. must root out mercilessly every expression of political factionalism within itself. For nothing is as dangerous a foil to fascism as a mass movement of labor which permits sectarian bitterness to divide its strength.

[*Mr. Stolberg's concluding article will appear in an early issue.*]

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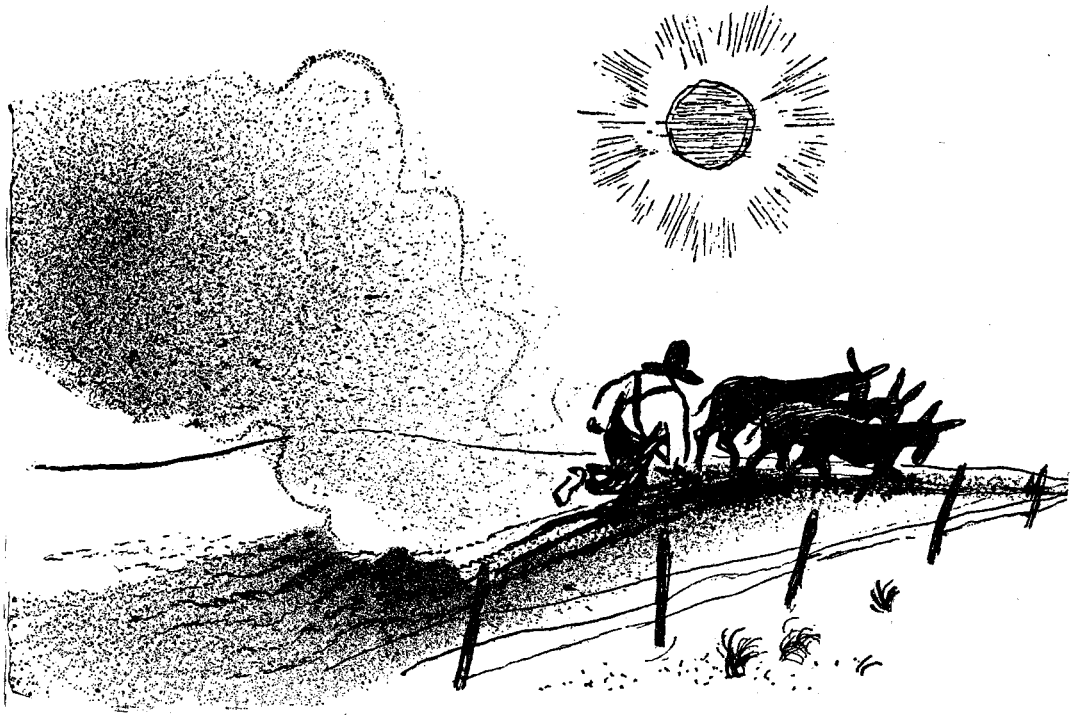


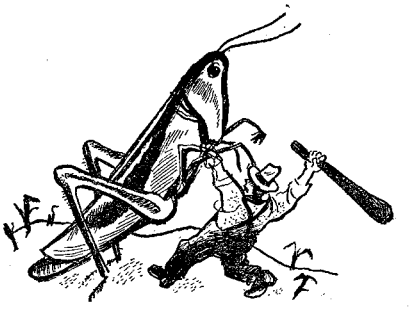
The Dust Bowl

BY

WILLIAM

GROPPER

If you think it is hot where you are, try and take a trip to the Dust Bowl. The sun is always shining here, and the thermometer is always 90 degrees and up. When the breeze blows, you get a blow of nice hot dust in your nose, eyes, and throat. The landscape is simple—sky and sand for miles. At night you can get some sleep with a wet cloth over your face, or if you're prepared with a mask you can manage to get by until you get used to it. In Elkhart, Kansas, I saw a farmer plowing. No sooner did he pass with the plow than the dust blew over and covered up the earth as if nothing had happened. I asked him if he got any crops, and he said, "No." "Then why plow?" And he said, "Been doin' it fer years; it's a habit now," and went on with his plowing.



More than once on the road I've seen families packing their belongings in old Fords and leaving the old homestead. Many of them, I've been told, are migrating to California—not because they want to, but because they have been evicted.

Near Boise City, Oklahoma, I met a farmer with a dried-up cow. It was the last cow he had left, and she was ready to pass off any day. This farmer was tough; he wouldn't think of leaving the place, he was born and raised on that spot, and it was going to take more than a little dust to make him move. He got to a point where he began boasting about the dust. You gotta be a he-man to be able to take it. I later learned the fellow had T.B.

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Legal Peonage in Florida

BY O. K. ARMSTRONG

A NEGRO stands before the county judge in a courthouse in western Florida. He is on trial for "jumping his account." At least that's what the prosecuting witness says he is charged with. And what is jumping an account? If we listen closely we'll find out, a constable assures us.

"Judge, this nigger left our turpentine camp and tried to run away. We caught him down by the highway, turned him over to the sheriff, and want him taught a lesson."

"Guilty or not guilty?" the judge drones the question. The crestfallen colored man stands there shuffling from one foot to the other. He crumples a battered felt hat in his hands.

"I said, guilty or not guilty?" the judge raps out sharply.

"I dunno, Jedge. I ain't done nothin'. I just was goin' back to Jacksonville to see my woman. I—"

"Did you or did you not leave the employ of the Blank Turpentine Company?"

"Yes, suh, Jedge. I quit 'em. But I ain't drawed no money sence—"

"Six months on the chain-gang!" the judge orders, swinging around in his chair and facing the court clerk.

"Yes, suh, Jedge. Thankee, suh."

And the Negro, bewildered and dejected, is escorted off to the jail. Tomorrow he will be taken out in a suit of striped clothes to begin what to many hapless Negroes has meant a sentence of death: six months on the chain-gang. Six months of back-breaking, blistering toil, with pick and shovel, working to build Florida's roads. Ten hours a day of steady work. Gang of twenty or more under strict guard. Locked in the steel cages at night, with only the respite of Sundays to look forward to.

An hour's ride north or northwest from the attractive unversity city of Gainesville lie the piney woods, fragrant source of the "naval stores" products for which Florida was noted long before the days of tourists and the real-estate boom. In these dense woods are carried on lumbering and turpentine production, a term which covers the various processes beginning with boxing the trees to let the sap run, collecting the resinous flow, distilling it into resin, turpentine, and increasingly numerous by-products, and shipping the finished commodities to Jacksonville and other ports.

A turpentine man, boss of a large still, explained the system of "holding" Negroes to employment and sentencing them to prison labor if they run away. To the suggestion that this was peonage, and that peonage is illegal, he replied: "Well, wise boy, it's being done every day in Florida. And it's legal. It's on the books. If a nigger hires out to a lumber or turpentine camp, starts work, and then runs away, they put him on the chain-gang. That's the way many of our highways are being built."

The Florida statute which legalizes peonage does not put it that way. Instead it uses the term fraud. It was passed in 1919 during the administration of Governor Sidney J. Catts, who campaigned for his office on an anti-Catholic, anti-Negro platform. This remarkable piece of legislation reads as follows:

> Section 7303: Any person in this state who shall, with intent to injure and defraud, under and by reason of a contract or promise to perform labor or service, procure or obtain money or other things of value as a credit, or as advances, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding $500 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months.
>
> Section 7304: In all prosecutions for a violation of the foregoing section this failure or refusal, without just cause, to perform such labor or services or to pay for the money or other thing of value shall be prima facie evidence of the intent to injure and defraud.

The intent of the statute is clear. It makes a failure to perform a contract of labor or service prima facie—without requiring any other proof—evidence of intent to defraud. The law obviously conflicts with the Thirteenth Amendment, but it has remained on the Florida statute books for eighteen years.

The system of "recruiting" Negro labor, the commissary plan of feeding and clothing them, and the accounting practices in vogue are an important part of the picture. The recruiters are white men, representing the lumber and turpentine companies, which are notoriously the worst offenders in peonage cases. Bill Splog, let us say, is a recruiter for the Ajax Naval Stores Company, operating camps and stills in Dixie, Gulf, Taylor, and Suwannee counties. Bill drives his truck into Jacksonville and drops in at the colored restaurants and loafing places along lower Forsythe Street.

"Anybody want to work? Good wages out at the Ajax camps, boys. Who wants a job?"

"How much you pay, Mister?" a Negro asks.

"One-fifty and keep," Bill answers.

It sounds good. A dollar and a half is high wages for the turpentine and lumber camps. Bill loads his truck up with half a dozen workmen and heads west. At the camp the men are registered by the foreman. Then they are taken to the company commissary, where the system really begins. The Negro is given some clothing—perhaps a pair of shoes, overalls, and a shirt, anything to put him in debt to the company. He is also given some food, usually in cans. He is assigned to a cabin, probably with several other workmen, where they do their cooking.

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These "advances" are entered upon the books of the company; and only the bookkeeper knows the prices. Numerous workmen have told me they were charged $6 for a pair of shoes that could not possibly have been worth more than $2, double prices for food, and so on. The "contract or promise to perform labor or service" has now been entered into; the victim has obtained "things of value as a credit, or as advances. . . ." Henceforth if he fails or refuses to perform such labor or service that is prima facie evidence that he intended to defraud. No proof is necessary. The judge need merely ask, "Did you or did you not leave the employment?" He may also ask whether the workman owes the commissary for advances of food and clothing, but that is a mere formality, usually dispensed with. It is taken for granted that he owes the commissary money. The purpose of the law is to bind him to his employment, and the company sees to it that he is in debt.

Despite the law which legalizes peonage and the fact that it is strictly enforced, workers continue to break it in desperate attempts to escape from intolerable working conditions in the turpentine camps. The hours are from daylight to near dark and the work is back-breaking: chopping the boxes in the trees, hauling the sap, running the hot, steaming stills, loading huge barrels of distillate from platforms to wagons or trucks. The bossmen of most of the larger camps carry revolvers strapped to their thighs, and in the offices and commissaries loaded shotguns stand ready for use "in case of emergency." Every now and then a worker "goes bad," becomes defiant, or "runs amuck." Pay day is supposed to come once a month, although laborers learn to their sorrow that pay day is often deferred a month or two "because they're working on the books." All hands gather at the office for the check-up and pay-off. One gets $5, another $4.90, still another only $1.50 for a month's work.

"That's all that's coming to you, boys, after deducting what we've advanced to you," the bossman says. "Sorry, boys. Maybe you'll make more next time."

And there the matter ends. I have talked to dozens of turpentine workmen who have drawn less than $10 in three months of hard work. In addition they get the use of a cabin, food, and work clothes, but they have no way of getting an accounting. Complaint at the commissary may result in the workman being shown the books, to prove that his advances have eaten up what he expected to get in wages. Or it may result in something much more ominous. The laborer who complains soon learns better; or if he persists he becomes a marked man.

When a turpentine worker decides he's had enough, he sneaks to the edge of camp some evening, waits for dark, and makes a dash for the highway. Most of the larger camps have armed guards patrolling the roadways day and night. The chances are about five to one he will be caught. If he is, the bossman will decide whether to warn him and force him back on the job. If he isn't needed badly in camp, he's turned over to the judge. Those county roads need working on.

In several counties, I discovered, the big turpentine companies have an understanding with the county judges and prosecuting attorneys to supply them enough Negro convict labor under this "fraud contract" law to keep the roads in repair. In one county the biggest naval stores operator is chairman of the county road system, and the county judge is his faithful lieutenant.

Taylor County, of which Perry is the county seat, contains some of the largest naval stores camps of the state, and at the time of my first investigations seemed to be furnishing more than its share of chain-gang Negroes for road work. I went to see Judge John O. Culpepper about it.

"Sure, I send 'em to the chain-gang," said the Judge. "Some judges don't pay no attention to that law, but here's one that does."

"Do you imprison them for debt?"

"No, indeed. The law plainly says it's fraud when they leave the employment, owing for advances."

"Do you give them a trial?"

"Oh, of course. But most generally they just plead guilty. I give 'em six months. That's the limit. It's helped us build our roads."

When I went to visit one of the turpentine camps in that county, where some 200 workmen were employed, an armed guard met me. Since some pretext was necessary, I told the bossman I was looking for a particular laborer to deliver a message from his relatives. I was informed by the bookkeeper that this workman was not listed. He may have been "sold," he said, with a bunch that was sent to a camp in an adjoining county a few days back. Sometimes another camp gets short-handed and "buys" the Negroes, or rather their "accounts," which amounts to the same thing as outright purchase. Another Florida law prohibits the enticing away of laborers by one employer from another, so transfer of workmen usually involves some cash.

I turned over to Governor Carlton a full report on peonage conditions in the turpentine and lumber camps as I had found them. He appointed a special commission for investigation. Agents of the United States Department of Justice began an investigation of their own, and for two years carried on a careful study of impressment of Negro workmen. Their findings in the case of one company alone, a company with camps in a dozen western Florida counties, fill a volume two inches thick. In the early summer of 1937 I checked up on results. Governor Carlton's investigating committee's report had been filed away somewhere and forgotten. No effort had been made to repeal the law, though one operator had been convicted for peonage and sentenced to fourteen months' imprisonment.

If the Florida "fraud contract" law could be repealed or declared unconstitutional, it would at least put a stop to the practice of issuing warrants for the arrest of Negroes and placing them on chain-gangs for no other reason than an alleged debt. But even then the problem of breaking up peonage would be but partially solved. Peonage is a federal offense, and the facts must come before federal authorities. Sometimes the agents of the Department of Justice work years assembling data from

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which to build a case, and then find themselves unable to obtain indictments from grand juries.

"Cases usually must be based upon complaints," pointed out a deputy official of the United States Court in Pensacola. "And there's the rub. Not one Negro laborer in many thousands will ever make a complaint against a white employer. Ignorance and fear seal their lips. An investigation must uncover facts that will hold together sufficiently for a grand jury indictment—almost an impossible hurdle. Then the actual trial before a jury must convince all twelve men—twelve white men—that the Negro's word is true, against the defendant white man and any witnesses that he may bring in."

A new governor was inaugurated in Florida last January. Governor Cone of Lake City is a self-made man, fearless and a hard hitter. He did not hesitate to express his opinion.

"Repeal the law? No. It's a good law. Peonage? We have no peonage in Florida. Listen here! Our colored people are the happiest folk on the earth—when the Yankees'll let them alone. As for this law, you have to have a law like that down here. If you didn't, no turpentine man could hold his workmen. Impose on them? That's all newspaper talk!"

The Mailed Fist in Greece

BY JULIAN BACH, JR.

THE Greeks have two words for it. Officially it is called *Neon Kratos* (the new state); but to most of the people living under it, it is simply the Mailed Fist. Supported by the King, the armed forces, some large landowners, and a dwindling number of industrialists, General Jean Metaxas, the seventy-nine-year-old dictator, is dancing on glass as he celebrates the first anniversary of his accession to power. He is a dictator without popular support and with no organized political party behind him. At the last elections Metaxas won 49,740 votes out of a total of 1,119,350, and seven seats in a chamber of 300. He manages to keep on top only through a military dictatorship whose bayonets prick and sometimes jab a population which is in secret, but at the moment ineffectual, opposition.

Since the night of August 4, 1936, when, as Prime Minister, General Metaxas declared martial law, dissolved parliamentary and constitutional government, and banned the old parties, the new dictatorship has become increasingly fascist. Metaxas—a star graduate of the *Kriegsakademie* in Berlin; an officer whom the former German Kaiser recommended; a "Little Moltke," as he was called, and finally, a chief of staff to the former pro-German King Constantine—now tears leaf after leaf from Hitler's notebook. "Liberty," he remarks, "is a nineteenth-century illusion."

The opposition has been systematically but unsuccessfully suppressed. Local mayors are now "selected" by the central government. Sklavaina, the Communist leader, escaped to Switzerland, but nobody yet knows what has happened to the fourteen other Communist deputies. Six hundred people were arrested during the first two days of the dictatorship, and since then an estimated 3,000 have been sent to the prison islands of the Ægean. Recently, in one day 150 Cretans were exiled to Ios—for "stealing goats." The conditions on the six islands which are used as political prisons vary. Anaphi, Hagios-Efstratos, and Sikinos are the worst; Kythnos, Milos, and Ios are better. The prisoners generally suffer from exposure and from a shortage of food and water. It is almost impossible to grow crops on the barren soil, and the food ships from Piræus arrive irregularly. Though obviously difficult to prove, there is small doubt of the atrocities charged to the police. Communists are usually given five straight doses of castor oil and have their nails ripped off.

The press has been completely hog-tied. Editors are sometimes given even the headlines to use on the government propaganda articles which they must print. Only the most favorable reports about Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco are published. In January a Yugoslavian and a Turkish journalist were expelled, and today all non-fascist correspondents stand on brittle ground. At one point an estimated 70 per cent of the mail was being opened. The censorship on outgoing mail has recently been greatly relaxed, and now only registered and suspicious-looking letters are opened, though in districts like Phaleron the mail censorship is still severe.

Some of the censorship in the arts would be amusing if it didn't reveal the appalling extent to which the regime is trying to gag public opinion. A new play, by the poet Melas, deals with the Greek war of independence, and is filled with such patriotic phrases as "the fight for freedom" and "the battle against the Turkish oppressor." These were deleted by the censor, however, on the ground that the first phrase was obviously derogatory to the best interests of an authoritarian dictatorship, and the second phrase was out of keeping with the current Greco-Turkish rapprochement. Greece's friendly relations with Yugoslavia are equally well safeguarded. An author whose recent history of the reigning family in Yugoslavia referred to one of its founders as an "illiterate swineherd" was promptly told to refer instead to that monarch's "interest in agriculture."

The University of Athens has been purged of its liberal and radical elements. Men like Professor Alexandre Svolos were immediately arrested when Metaxas took power, and fifteen undergraduates were recently arrested when they cheered a former Venizelist minister in the streets. Lectures and reading are prescribed. Marx, Freud, Darwin, and lesser lights are on the official Index.

The students have already been organized into the

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new National Youth Movement, which is based on an Italian model with German frills. The government, in its efforts to organize the youth of the country on a compulsory, uniformed, and quasi-military basis, is having unofficially admitted difficulties in financing the program. While this movement is quite unpopular, the government's "pan-Grecian" attempt to resurrect the old arts and dances enjoys a certain favor.

State and municipal employees are now "nationalized" into state-controlled syndicates. The two labor federations have been dissolved, and only the small rightist unions, like the Kalomiri group and the drivers' union, continue to exist, though they have had their bargaining rights taken away. The tendency is clearly toward a corporate state similar to Italy's. The trade unions, however, have never been dissolved by law, and the form of the state and the validity of the democratic Constitution still remain legally unchanged. The Metaxas regime, using the special powers of martial law, governs de jure under the old constitutional forms but de facto as a military dictatorship.

The King and the army originally sanctioned and have persistently allowed Metaxas to take these measures. The army has been greatly improved; it has also been petted, and its more liberal officers have been quietly garrisoned in distant Macedonia. Two thousand hand-picked men have been added to the police and the gendarmerie, and in Constantin Cotzias, Metaxas has found his General Göring. Cotzias, however, is probably the most unpopular man in the regime. At Corinth the people recently ripped his pictures off the propaganda posters.

Greece is following the fascist orbit on all points. Her diplomacy falls increasingly within the Rome-Berlin axis, and the most important half of her foreign trade is in German hands. Dr. Schacht and the Reichsbank hold Greece by the short hair. Whereas in 1935 Greece imported 1,996,627,000 drachmas' worth of German goods and exported 2,109,368,000 drachmas' worth to Germany, by 1936 the figures had reached the unprecedented totals of 2,674,353,000 drachmas and 2,679,399,000 drachmas, respectively. Official figures for the first half of 1937, recently published, will show a still greater rate of increase.

The Nazis have naturally followed up their economic penetration with military and cultural liaisons. In Metaxas they have found a receptive ear, since he represents that part of the upper class which sided with King Constantine and the Germans during the war and which has been anti-Venizelist, and hence anti-French and anti-English, ever since. Although the English still train the Greek Navy and are constructing its two new cruisers, Germany has about $22,000,000 of the $54,000,000 rearmament orders outright, and through General Auer the Reich trains the Greek army. Whether it is in the new Greek radio station, or in the field of railroad supplies, or consumers' goods, or even tourists and children's governesses, Nazi influence is steadily increasing. The students in the German and Italian schools publicly give King George the fascist salute. Even the French-model helmets which Greek troops formerly wore have now been replaced by new German ones, made in Greece.

While Nazi economic penetration is regarded even by some opposition leaders as an "unhappy necessity," Metaxas's attempt to make Greece a fascist state is being resisted by all the illegal opposition parties flourishing under cover. It took the police till April to discover the secret Communist printing press in Athens, and the opposition even comes up every once in a while for air. When the crowds in the back streets dispersed after the Independence Day parade a large number of raised fists were noticeable for a brief second. In Crete, where the opposition is greatest, the King and Metaxas were welcomed on their last visit only by the women. The men stayed at home—a great insult in Crete, since the women are considered inferiors. Later the mayor of Candia and the officials of another town reminded the King that Cretans will always fight for liberty. Even the ardor of the industrialists, the bankers, and the economists for a strong regime to end last year's contagion of general strikes has quite noticeably cooled. The business men find the fascist extreme as undesirable as the Communist one, and with the exception of the tobacco planters, who are selling their crop hand over fist to the Germans for high prices, industry is becoming irritated at its economic dependence on Berlin.

This general opposition, however, while numerically vast, is tactically weak, although a vague sort of common front exists between the leaders of the old parties. The Cretans are sick of what they consider the passiveness of the opposition on the mainland, and the opposition, both Cretan and Greek, lacks leadership to a disastrous degree. A popular rebellion or even active opposition is for the time being out of the question. The army is contented and loyal to the King, and hence to Metaxas. The opposition, moreover, even if it desired drastic action, fears that a civil war would give Yugoslavia and Bulgaria the opportunity they have been waiting for to occupy Salonika and Macedonia.

Meanwhile the government in Athens attempts to build a new Sparta. The dictatorship is officially justified as a necessary antidote to the 1936 "Communist menace." The government claims to have saved Greece from becoming a second Spain. Few Greeks and scarcely any observers will agree. It is true, however, that the serious general strikes at Salonika and Volo and the threatened general strike in Athens were disturbing, although it now appears that the fatal Salonika riots were purposely provoked by the police. It is true also that owing to a parliamentary stalemate, the fifteen Communist deputies in the Greek parliament held an indirect power which was quite out of proportion to the 73,000 voters whom they represented. But the need for clarification and action which the situation obviously demanded and the extreme and ruthless solution which it received are two quite different things. The Lord Byron view of Greece may be untenable—there is certainly no reason for getting sentimental over the rather violent and quite muddy democracy of modern Hellas—but the mailed fist of an ambitious politician is surely not to be chosen as an alternative.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE 1937 Williamstown Institute of Human Relations has taken for its general subject Public Opinion in a Democracy. It will specifically consider the motion picture, the press, the radio, and other agencies which shape public opinion from the point of view of their relation to ethics and religion. The purpose also is to suggest how these agencies can "promote more wholesome human relations in the United States consistent with the New World tradition of religious liberty, civil freedom, and human rights for all culture groups in our population." The institute, which will be in session from August 29 to September 3, is under the auspices of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, which, of course, includes both Catholics and Protestants among its membership. There will be some notable speakers, among them Judge Florence E. Allen, Harry A. Garfield, Roger W. Straus, Bishop McConnell, Rabbi Philip Bernstein, James M. Gillis of the *Catholic World,* Henry R. Luce, Arthur Krock of the New York *Times,* George Fort Milton, John La Farge, Norman Thomas, James N. Rosenberg, Charles P. Taft, Newton D. Baker, President James L. McConaughy of Wesleyan, Ambassador W. E. Dodd, who will speak on the Preservation of Democracy in the World Today, and Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes.

My only criticism of this unusual program is that, as was the case two years ago, there is no Negro among the speakers. Some years ago the Cincinnati *Times-Star* stated editorially that, after Booker Washington and Dr. du Bois, I was the outstanding American colored man, but I think the editors must have made a mistake; I cannot qualify to speak for the colored people. True, all Negroes are Protestants or Catholics, but they are a culture group in our population whose wrongs cry out to high heaven for redress. Some day I hope there will be a Negro co-chairman of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, for if there is any one field in which the white Christian churches have failed in their duty, with the partial exception perhaps of the Methodist, it is right in this sphere of the Negro. But, waiving that aspect, the program ought to produce some extraordinarily interesting debates. Heaven knows we need them, for it is precisely in human relations that the peoples of the world are making their greatest mistakes and showing their greatest weaknesses. As I have recently written elsewhere:

> When it comes to living in peace with his neighbors and adjusting himself to others of different opinion and different beliefs, the human being is as much at fault as he ever has been. He can govern all forces save himself, but he will not learn tolerance of divergent opinions, and especially of divergent religious beliefs, so we have had a recrudescence, since the World War, of wholesale killings of people whom we do not like such as we have hardly witnessed since the Middle Ages or Saint Bartholomew's Night.

Now if this seems altogether too general, and is carrying us into too deep water, there are certainly practical problems concrete and menacing enough to challenge all of us who desire to see democracy made workable and triumphant in an hour when democracy is challenged as never before. Take the question of the Jews in America. There is no doubt whatever of the rise of anti-Semitism here, deliberately stimulated from the other side of the Atlantic and eagerly seized upon by some who desire publicity or notoriety, or who are simply indulging themselves in sadism and hate. What could be better than for just and generous and really Christian-minded people to get together in such an admirable setting as that of Williamstown to thrash out these problems with complete frankness? I know the dangers of such conferences. Sometimes the managers are primarily concerned with avoiding anything like sharp differences of opinion. Two years ago at the conference there was a flare-up on the Mexican conflict between the Catholic church and the state. I am sorry that the Berkshire *Eagle* reports: "A repetition of that incident will not be allowed this year."

Flare-ups give life to such gatherings, sharpen people's wits, and often bring out facts which otherwise would not come to light. Of course, I don't mean that this conference should be a free-for-all fight. But these gatherings will only accomplish a fraction of the good that they should if everybody is going to be extremely careful about hurting others' feelings, going counter to others' opinions. We know that when so many people come together there cannot be anything like unanimity of opinion. If there were, no such conference would be necessary. Nothing makes me angrier than to have people come up to me and say: "I read everything you write, but I don't agree with all that you say." It is hard work for me to refrain from making my reply purely profane. (I insist that profanity can be pure.) We don't write articles or go to conferences to agree with everything that we see and hear. We seek intellectual stimulus; we want to know what other people are thinking and saying and to test thereby the correctness of our own views. Any conference which fails to have this as an objective is bound to be weak and ineffective and make no approach to a worthwhile solution of the problems that confront us. Yet those problems are so momentous, so fraught with danger to the Republic, that failure to tackle them would in itself be little short of criminal.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Matinal

BY CHARLES HUDEBURG

Begins; doors open, swing and reveal
the fluent movement and the moving wheel.
Brittle weather crosses the roofs to taste
of last night's furnaces precisely placed.

Moves on; with pictured memos of cigars
and chocolate in the cup and in the bars:
sapid desiderations—how's the time?—
announced procurable for every dime.

But when does the first matin song begin?
This is the place and hour—open and go in:
(thirty pieces of silver make you walk).
The types fall and the bitten papers talk.

Unlocking the World's Arsenals

EUROPE IN ARMS. By Liddell Hart. Random House. $2.50.

CAPTAIN Liddell Hart is not to the Sandhurst manner born. Although he is a British officer, he never lets the prejudices of his class interfere with his judgment. Thus, in defiance of the *Royal United Service Journal,* which sounds as if it were edited in the Carlton Club by red-baiting stockholders of Rio Tinto, Captain Hart points out the danger of a victorious Franco to Gibraltar and Britain's position in the Mediterranean. "Strategically," he says, "the danger is so obvious that it is difficult to understand the eagerness with which some of the most avowedly patriotic sections of the British public have desired the rebels' success. Class sentiment and property sense would seem to have blinded their strategic sight." A contributor to military trade periodicals, Captain Hart nevertheless manages to avoid the style of infantry drill manuals. Some of his sentences may commence with such expressions as "rigid linear advances," "the tactical considerations of dispersed fire, etc.," but they usually end with some of those witty *attaques brusques* on the stupidity of the military caste. Indeed, the Hart fan will probably rejoice to find many passages in which the author does his usual act of revealing the howlers of the military hierarchy, from the debacle of Passchendaele to the note, "The man's mad," which an immortal bureaucrat in the British War Office wrote in 1912 on the file of an inventor's plans for a tank.

The author admirably restates many of the theories which he has advocated in other books, i.e., smaller and better-trained armies (the *armée de métier*), more machine guns for defense, more mechanized equipment (tanks) for attack, and daring experimentation to find a new surprise element capable of breaking stalemates. With these as standards, he gives a bird's-eye view of the military condition of the various great European powers. He finds that the French army has been remarkably well reorganized and rearmed in the past few years, ably adapted to the problem of defense, and the solution of the problem of attack somewhat cautiously sought in mechanized support for the infantry. (Captain Hart prefers "caterpillar cavalry" operating alone.) While he has some fair words for German army preparations, he notes the shortage of officers, the dependence on the old German idea of mass armies, and doubts whether "the German army has yet developed either the equipment or the tactics to solve the problems created by a strong and thoroughly modern defense" such as the French have. Italy, he claims, went into the Abyssinian campaign with much the same kind of mass army that retreated at Caporetto, but that the trimmings (airplanes, gas, tanks)—in which the Italians show no great strength—saved them from disaster. On Russia the author echoes most of the usual observations: surprisingly high type of officer, fine rank and file, mechanization which leads all European armies—in short, a tremendous advance over Czarist times; on the other hand, too much dependence on numbers and a weakness in their handling. It is interesting, however, to note that Captain Hart does not agree with the majority of military men who pooh-pooh the Russian development of parachute armies. He thinks that the threat which a body of parachutists (some 1,200 men equipped with light fieldpieces and machine guns can be landed from airplanes behind enemy lines within eight minutes) offers to communications and the psychological effect of the fear of a "blow in the back" might have very important results.

Captain Hart reads in the experiences of the Spanish war the lesson that defense remains stronger than attack, in spite of the fact that the latter had a good chance, because of relatively small forces operating in large areas, to show what it could do. In view of Franco's succession of attacks, he suggests that if they continue, the most likely alternative to trench-warfare stalemate will be that the scales of war might turn against the attacking side. "In that event, collapse of a cause already undermined may be accelerated by complementary attacks on the part of the side which has conserved its strength better." This reviewer finds the chapter on Spain (inserted in the book after it had gone to press) a little disappointing. It seems that a man of Captain Hart's contacts and sources of information should have been able to give an opinion on the real significance of the sinking of the España, which raised the whole airplane-versus-battleship controversy, and on the comparative value of the various national weapons —German, Italian, French, British, and Russian—which have received such sensational tests. Newspaper accounts have conflicted so much that, except for a few highlights, such as the superiority of Russian over German planes, the picture remains confused. Also it would be interesting to hear Captain Hart's speculations on a question to which he barely alludes in this chapter, namely: can a pretorian guard well equipped with all the modern weapons effectively doom a people's militia, no matter how numerous or how great its morale? The intervention of Italy and Germany on one side and the arrival of the International Brigade on the other, plus various other factors, prevented Spain from providing a clear test of a problem which has enormous bearing on the class struggle.

What prophecies does this intelligent observer make as to the course of a future world war? In a final chapter entitled Would Another War End Civilization? Hart claims that

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defense will prove infinitely more powerful than attack, basing his calculations on the enormous increase in machine guns in the modern army and the fact that the proportion of machine-gun-destroying agents—tanks and artillery—is much lower now than in 1918. Since staffs have not moved far from the mass army tactics of the last war, Hart looks forward to another stalemate which could only be overcome by a new and shattering surprise element. But the latter, he believes, will be doomed by the pigeonholes of the War Offices. As a consequence of mass army movements he foresees enormous congestion in communications and supply, which may be thrown into paralyzing confusion by air raids. The *grande attaque* may lead to nothing more than the *grande farce,* with an outcome more ridiculous than fatal, fading out in an atmosphere of complete futility. He concludes that another war may produce "the collapse of the attack before the collapse of civilization." This reviewer considers Captain Hart's forecast the most shrewd and plausible of any advanced by the numerous military dopesters.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

A Recipe for Worship

THE HERO. A STUDY IN TRADITION, MYTH, AND DRAMA. By Lord Raglan. Oxford Press. $3.50.

IT is not likely that many readers will find the primary thesis of this book its most notable aspect. The author is very eager to prove that the figures and events of myth have no basis in history. Even a character like Robin Hood, for instance, would seem to dissolve under his analysis—particularly when we recall the material on The King of the Wood in Frazer's "Golden Bough," are reminded that there was a Continental story of Robert des Bois, and that "hood" is the word for "wood" in several English dialects. Even the historicity of the Trojan War is brought up for severe and drastic questioning, while the author hurls many amusing darts at the pious savants who would attest their respect for Greek enclitics by believing that there was a real prototype in history for the heroes and events celebrated in "The Iliad," despite the fact that even the stratagem of the horse appears in variation in the myths of other peoples.

When you finish you can still, if you prefer, persist in your belief that there was some actual flood to form the basis of the account in Genesis—and you may still satisfy your hankerings to seek some naturalistic account of Moses's feat in guiding his people across the Red Sea that later closed to swallow up the soldiers of Pharaoh. (You may hang on, regardless of the author's evidence indicating that such magical strewing of obstacles in the path of the enemy was the stock in trade of mythic leaders.) For as the author himself admits, it is impossible to prove absolutely that myths lack a grounding in historicity. Nevertheless he does attain a high degree of inference.

But whether you are convinced of his main thesis or not, I think you will find that, in the course of maintaining it, he turns up an enormous amount of valuable material. It is his contention that the figures and events of myth owe their origin to the ritual dramas of initiation and propitiation (rites for the installation of kings, for rain-making, fertilization, and victory in war). The origin of myth, therefore, is in drama, and in drama of a purely *ceremonial* sort (such as we saw in the recent coronation). He traces the role played by king-god-hero in these magic rituals for the securing of prosperity. And he holds that tradition was written *backward,* with these dramas providing the perspective for interpretation. In fact, he gives ample reasons to conclude that history in the annalist's sense of the term could not exist prior to literacy. The primitive lives in the "pure present," his rituals linking past, present, and future into one (as they seek scrupulously to reenact a past ceremony in the present, for future efficacy, and their past persists in their present quite as the Catholic will tell you that every day Christ is crucified—the event being not merely "historical," but continuous).

But even though, when you finish, you may still tend to feel that there was an "actual someone" who provided the polarizing principle for the accumulation of mythic details (as Mae West is now the broad basis of Mae West stories), you do feel the important point to be the way in which they were reshaped for ritual purposes. In the course of his argument the author works out a recipe of twenty-two points for the typical hero. Among these might be cited: "At birth an attempt is made to kill him"; "he is spirited away and reared by foster-parents in a far country"; "on reaching manhood he returns or goes to his future kingdom"; "after a victory over the king and/or a giant, dragon, or wild beast, he marries a princess . . . and becomes king"; he "prescribes laws, but later he loses favor . . . and is driven from the throne and city, after which he meets a mysterious death, often at the top of a hill." The author cites as examples Hercules, Perseus, Bellerophon, Dionysus, Joseph, Moses, and Siegfried; and their fidelity to the pattern is quite convincing.

We should make but one major objection to his book. Noting that the details of the hero's life are not realistic, but ritualistic, he seems to underestimate the role of the people in the development of mythic figures. The author seems to assume that, since the details of the dramatic rituals deal with kingly ceremonies rather than with everyday life, the people beheld them merely as onlookers, their participation residing mainly in the fact that they had a share in the successful outcome of the rite.

This emphasis would, I think, imply a false relationship between drama and audience. The spectator, I believe, could not have been attached to these dramas merely because they were spectacular but mistaken ways of doing what is now done by irrigation and reforestation. The dramas could retain their hold only in so far as the spectators were "glued" to them—and one is glued to a work of art only when that work is reliving for him some basic pattern of his own experience, with its appropriate "medicine." The *curriculum vitae* symbolized in the dramas must have paralleled their own, despite the kingly symbols. In their heroic-ritualistic translation, these experiences were, to be sure, "writ large," but the underlying processes of transition charted by the mythic hero's life must have been a replica of their own processes. Thus the author accounts for the fact that so many of the ritual dramas have a doorway or gateway as setting by attributing it to a mere technical convenience of stage presentation; but could we not rather note the relevance of this "Janus" symbol for objectifying rebirth, such changes of identity as investigators have noted in totemic initiation? From this standpoint we might hold that, despite absence of realistic, everyday detail in the rituals, they symbolized the experience of even the most lowly, though expressed "transcendentally," in "stylistic dignification" (as when Shakespeare dignified his own concerns in King Richard II and Prince Hamlet).

The author is strongly antagonistic to Euhemerus and all his modern variants. He does not believe with that genial old debunker of 300 B. C. that the gods and heroes of

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mythology were merely deified mortals, with their real acts amplified by the imagination. Perhaps my reservation is but another brand of Euhemerism, though with a difference. I am suggesting that, despite the absence of realistic detail in the rituals, it was not the *king's* life but their *own* lives that the onlookers were reliving—and these lives were being made acceptable, or "negotiable," by transmogrification into royal attributes.

KENNETH BURKE

Day at Home

LIFE WITH MOTHER. By Clarence Day. Knopf. $2.

CLARENCE DAY has come to please the highbrows and the lowbrows alike, and it is not too difficult to see why. The highbrows have appreciated the severely honest, drily impartial way in which he has used his material, and the lowbrows have relished the material itself. Day took the measure of his parents with the same deadly thoroughness and calm that Jane Austen took the measure of her neighbors, and with a touch of the same tight, old-maidish wisdom. If his parents left him with scars, Day has obliterated them as perfectly as Jane Austen obliterated the county's snubs. His father, at once so dreadful and so funny, and, more than either, so human, is always granted the privilege of exposing himself; and so is his mother, with her petty notions, defiant determination, sympathetic impulses, and misleading Victorian helplessness.

Clarence Day could have been harsh toward his father and soft toward his mother, or he could have avoided being rancorous about the old man by being clownish. What he did, of course, was much better. Father, with his tantrums and prejudices and self-indulgences, is not even so much overtly satirized as, say, Squire Western. He is never cunningly paced toward a climax. He blows up and calms down, or holds himself in and explodes, or barks and bites, or barks and fails to bite. There is no pattern to his illogic, he has all the convincing changeability of the weather. The only thing you can feel sure about is that he will never, in any circumstances, understand what it's all about. Like most rigid reactionaries, when it comes to getting his way, Father is a prince of anarchists. There may be things that are "done" and things that aren't done, but in a pinch there are no rules to the game. You knock your opponent down, and grab.

Mother had no reasoned understanding of Father, but she knew from very early in their married life that it was hopeless to deal with him on any systematic footing. She fell back on two methods: to nag him in a well-bred way, which sometimes drove him to the wall; or, better yet, to present him with the accomplished fact when it was too late for him to oppose her, and he could only accept the situation with snorts and growls. And Mother actually triumphed oftener than Father, because she put sensible limits to her desires, and because she wanted to *get* things, not to do away with them. Mother never wasted her time, as Father did, trying to argue with runaway horses, or cursing the next-door neighbor whose sneezes could be heard through the wall.

However it once was, by the time Clarence Day came to describe these goings-on he had achieved a tranquillity to match their tempestuousness. He no more emphasizes what is unpleasant than what is humorous, he no more condemns than he apologizes, he no more understates than he overstates. Father's rich crustiness, Mother's buzzing emptiness, the whole of Victorian family life, the whole of middle-class social life must attract or repel by virtue of their own reality. Where Father always thrashes his arms about in anger, Clarence never even raises a finger in protest. He needn't have been an artist to be so dead pan about it all: if you can't see what's wrong with Father just by looking at Father, you'll never learn by harking to the indictments of Son.

"Life with Mother" is by no means so juicy a book as "Life with Father"—many of the episodes are so similar as to be monotonous—but the two books together have their value as social documents. Perhaps it is very serious-minded of me to insist that chronicles so full of entertainment have a sociological importance, but to me they are about the most casually terrible revelation of the intrenched bourgeois spirit that any historian could ask for. Behind the antics and the extravagances is as much bigotry and complacency and selfishness as any of our major novelists has ever scooped up; and however much of a problem grown-up Father may have been, we can't forget that Father and Mother were highly acceptable members of a correct society during two generations. Their treatment of servants, tradesmen, people beyond their world, their enmity to or ignorance of all liberal ideas are still interesting to observe. Clarence Day himself must have been a humane and gentle soul who never copied their tactics, but one is left wondering just how far he questioned the philosophy their tactics were built upon. One wonders even more in just what sense a lowbrow audience has enjoyed Father and Mother and sized them up. Certainly it must have recognized in these pages much that it had seen or heard about "at home." Have these books acted as a purge, leading people to the conclusion that they don't want Father around even when he is funny? Or have they been books to wallow in, because that's the way it was in our family, too, and Father's the image of dear old Uncle Walter, who left us $25,000 in his will?

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Three for Pastime

OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE! By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

LENA. By Roger Vercel. Translated from the French by Warre Bradley Wells. Random House. $2.50.

MADAME FLOWERY SENTIMENT. By Albert Gervais. Translated from the French by Campbell Dixon. Covici-Friede. $2.

WE have been spoiling for a certain satire a long time—a Soviet Alice in the U. S. A.; and here it is, with Lewis Browne's usual facile originality and cleverness. From Siberia comes a young, Lindbergh-faced Ivan Krassnaumov, ichthyologist, in a pitiably absurd suit, with ninety cents, to observe research methodology at a southern California marine institute which has been privately endowed but lately abandoned by its widow-angel for an antivivisection crusade. At first he is properly bowled over; soon, however, he proceeds to ask many disconcerting questions. Before his wide eyes, a great number of things unmask themselves as cock-eyed beyond eyewitness belief; hence the title—and perhaps, too, the reason why we ourselves had not seen the absurdities before. By the time Ivan has involved himself in sufficient trouble to make a diverting story and is deported, he is understandably homesick. The colloquies are much the best part of this extravaganza; here and there an image or insight seems wistful among the surface effects in which a tragic death scarcely touches the conscience. The satire weakens as the yarn over-weaves, especially in the sex adventure with the millionairess—a situation which has its irony but seems to be

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more lingeringly enjoyed by the author than by the hero.

"Lena" is offered as a romantic novel of War and a Woman. But never has detail more anti-romantic in feeling made up a romance. The war is that To End Wars, which, as our story opens, is in its concluding months in the Balkans; the woman is rich-natured Lena Apostolova, a surgeon in the Bulgarian army. Her lover-to-have-been, an aristocratic French officer, tells the story on the eve of a duel in which he hopes to be killed in penance for having become the carnivore that war has made of him. The situation itself, as he relates, comes about while he is detained as a wounded prisoner in Lena's care, during which interim the two swap tender interest for merciful attention. So it is a love story, with love having a chance to do little more than make a heinous fool of itself:

> One can suffer so much over a woman's dishonor only if one loves her; only if one loves her enough to kill her on the spot. That was what, for a moment, I had a mad urge to do . . .

When Lena resists him through her first confession of love, this "mad urge" is at length indulged, and the tale brought to an end. And you believe all this. In fact, the atrocities are more credible than some of the plot devices. But on the whole it is a superbly machined narration. The portrait of Lena is done in spare, ineffaceable lines, neither flattered nor discolored by the ugliness of battle.

"Madame Flowery Sentiment" is all you will expect from the title and the fragrant format: a sedative for Loti-eaters who stay at home. Chapter I is entitled An Unexpected Visit, and Chapter X, Adieux, with a last line (after many tears) which reads: "Was it possible I loved her?" The illicit love is distilled between a Parisian physician and a widowed adolescent in deepest China. So it's a travelogue too. There is mention of lice, bizarre infanticide, piles of human manure at the roadside, class oppression, and the fact that the enchanting lady for all her touching naiveties is not "the real Chinese people." The Covarrubias frontispiece is a nice thing; and the typography of both this and "Lena," done by Josephy, is pretty closely gauged to the tempo of reading intended by the respective authors.

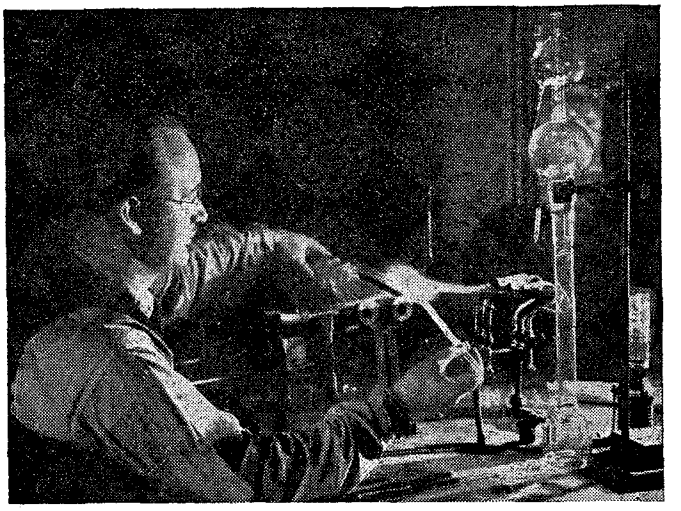
DAVID GREENHOOD

Big City Primitive

LITTLE CHILDREN. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

PRECEDENTS in American literature might be found for the combination of hinterland naivete and postured bravado so characteristic of Saroyan's work. Hemingway, for example, has been known to employ a modern sensibility to stylize some of the more primitive forms of behavior. But Saroyan, lacking even the speed and intensity which might be attained by such a method, has done little more than to add his own sophisticated voice to the jargon of his characters. And as they blend together, the philosophy which emerges is a kind of rustic bohemianism set glibly alongside an inarticulate and awe-struck world of the backwoods.

This volume of stories about children and childish adults has fewer monosyllabic discourses on the darkness and futility of human existence than we are accustomed to expect from Mr. Saroyan; yet the entire book is overcast with the sense of drift and loneliness, with the spiritual anarchy which Saroyan himself so frequently confesses to. Moored only within the grooves of habit, these children are hardly more than reflexes of memory and desire. At home, at school, at various



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odd jobs, they wander about reiterating the urge to satisfy some present want, which is magnified in their parched lives into a world ideal. To one boy a dollar zeppelin becomes the symbol of all his curiosities; another imagines himself to be the world's champion elevator operator; a newsboy, bent on selling a quota of papers, laughs when beaten by neighborhood toughs.

Since Saroyan evidently believes that destiny is the pseudonym of everything that happens in the cruel world, it is only natural that the defeat of his characters should fall far short of tragedy. They do, however, carry the pathos of the underdog, and the less stereotyped stories, of which there are no more than four or five, are those which extend the range of pathos. Here the fortunes of alien peoples, cutting across the social relations of our time, bring Saroyan a little closer to the more important sources of compassion. In My Uncle and the Mexicans an itinerant Mexican worker, with a menage of thirteen, including four dogs, is hired on a ranch simply because the dignity of his labor, which he has somehow managed to retain, completely baffles the rancher. Similarly, The Only Guy in Town describes the violent efforts of an illiterate Greek to assert his personality. But even these stories are vulgarized by the almost incredible innocence of the characters who paw their way through the routines of fear and hope. Nor is this surprising, for Saroyan, like so many big city "primitives," seems to regard a highly mannered, repetitive style as a means of evading the complexities of fiction. It is hardly necessary to add that throughout the book one never loses sight of Saroyan himself, as the stories are converted, either directly or through the rumination of the characters, into a recital of the author's plaintive nihilism, delivered, as often as not, out of the corner of his mouth.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

THE *Nation* ANNOUNCES . . .

Panic on the Danube

M. E. Ravage reports on his recent trip to the Balkans. In the first of a series of three articles he discusses the international situation along the Danube and the relations of the five Balkan countries to the diplomacy of the major European powers.

Senator Wheeler Comes to Judgment

Richard L. Neuberger will discuss the situation facing Senator Wheeler in Montana where Congressman Jerry O'Connell is a lively left-wing aspirant for Senator Wheeler's seat in the Senate, and where the Senator's labor constituency is up in arms against him because of his leadership in the fight against the President's court plan.

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Man as Phylum

THE BIOLOGY OF HUMAN CONFLICT: AN ANATOMY OF BEHAVIOR, INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL. By Trigant Burrow. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE now generally acknowledged fact that the cultural crisis today is due not to the failure of physical science but to the lack of an applicable social science has encouraged a mushroom growth of foundations and institutions attempting to find one. The present volume summarizes in the words of its scientific director the recent work of one of these—the Lifwynn Foundation of New York. This foundation, to be sure, antedates the 1929 collapse by some years, but if one compares the scope and interests of this volume with Dr. Burrow's earlier efforts, the effects of the crisis on his thinking are clearly discernible. The point of focus has changed from problems chiefly psychological to problems largely sociological.

Like the many other institutions attempting to establish social science, the Lifwynn Foundation is serious, and its work must be seriously studied even if all the results and arguments are not so to be taken. The science which the foundation is trying to establish is called phylobiology. It may be defined as the study of man as a phylum in his ecological adjustments to his environment, and is based on the method of phyloanalysis. Phyloanalysis is Dr. Burrow's own modification of psychoanalytic procedure, where the analysis is concerned with the neuroses of man as phylum rather than the individual neurotic, and is for this reason conducted in groups. The book unfortunately in no place discusses the exact procedures of phyloanalysis. It is annoying to read again and again about "exact experiments" and "experiments over many years" and the like, and not have one adequately described. The theoretical background can, however, be reconstructed. It consists of a curious mixture of sound Freud, Jung's worst mysticism, Professor Adolf Meyer's high-sounding generalities, and an organismic philosophy of biology. Plus, of course, a fair number of original, and some of them keen, insights of Dr. Burrow.

The findings of the foundation are summarized as follows: "Because of the increasing extension throughout the community of a dissociative process that substitutes words for the physiological experience presumed to underlie them, man has increasingly lost touch with the hard and fast milieu of actual objects and correspondingly with the biological solidarity of his own organism." This leads to conflict between the culturally ongrafted reaction systems which are restricted to the cephalic segment and the biologically original reaction systems of the whole organism. What orthodox psychiatry calls neurosis is only the extreme manifestation of such conflicts. These conflicts are common to the modern race, so that the whole phylum is neurotic. And so the modern crisis—war, depression, insanity, criminality—arises on the basis of these conflicts. (I wonder if Dr. Burrow has carefully studied Freud's "Civilization and Its Discontents," which develops the same argument with so much greater elegance and precision.) Be that as it may, the conclusion is somewhat terrifying and I believe more than a little sound.

What Dr. Burrow plans to do about it is not at all clear. "The proprioceptive problems of man will not be adjusted through tariff revisions, higher brackets, child-guidance clinics, or Geneva parleys. Man's problem is an internal, anatomical one having to do with the organism of man in its phyletic totality." The answer, then, is not in practical politics.

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It lies, rather, in phylobiology and phyloanalysis. Is this to be taken seriously, with Dr. Burrow and his colleagues the only practitioners and the rules not even laid down in the book? Won't some one of the Marxist brethren send Dr. Burrow some complimentary literature?

In large part the book reads like a poor translation from a very erudite German scientific treatise. Dr. Burrow's vocabulary is astoundingly large, and he always chooses a quarter word when dime and nickel synonyms are available. In addition he is an habitual new-word coiner and old-word redefiner. A glossary helps in this respect. About one-half of the chapters are practically unvarnished reprints of articles which first appeared in technical journals. This leads to much needless repetition. It is almost impossible to read the book consecutively; yet despite its many faults, it deserves a wide hearing because of its few positive and original contributions. I am afraid, however, that only those who must will really get through it.

J. F. BROWN

Between Castes

CHILDREN OF STRANGERS. By Lyle Saxon. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

BECAUSE of the charm of his writing and the real interest of his local color, the essential conventionality of Mr. Saxon's novel of life in the deep South is not immediately apparent. It deals with a special group, the "free mulatto" descendants of the Vidal brothers, who around 1760 came from France and took up a large grant of land on the Red River. By the time the story opens, in 1905, they have become very poor, "their pride . . . their land, and their few possessions" being all they have left. Little by little the land and possessions pass into the hands of white people, until they are left with pride alone—a pride which expresses itself primarily in an insistence on caste status. Accepting, though with some resentment, the social superiority of white people, they seek compensation by declaring their own social superiority to the Negroes and by practicing discrimination against the latter group even more rigorously than it is practiced against their own. Famie (short for Euphémie) Vidal is one of these mulattoes. At sixteen, though she is loved by her cousin, Numa, this gently reared, convent-schooled descendant of a proud family has an affair with a white outlaw. When the man is killed and his son is born to her, she does not lose caste with her people, because the child is, to all appearances, white. She afterwards marries Numa, but her emotional life is centered on her white child, and her existence becomes one long sacrifice to the whiteness which will give him his chance in life—away from her. Finally she is widowed; and in order to send the boy out into the world as a white man she commits the unpardonable sin of selling her share of the Vidal acres to a white planter. Her son, on the other hand, uses the entire sum to forsake her. Famie is repudiated, in consequence, by her own group, and thereafter sinks deeper and deeper into the Negro world. The story has genuine if superficial pathos. On the whole, it is told quietly, dispassionately, and with evident sincerity, and the surface life of the communities is described with loving detail. But it rarely penetrates beyond this surface and remains for this reason uncompelling. It is less a story of individuals whose individual passions and motives are convincing than of group behavior as observed by an outsider. The outsider, in this instance, has a reasonably sympathetic and civilized point of view and writes with considerable distinction.

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Letters to the Editors

Calling for Protest

Dear Sirs: With the entire political life of Loyalist Spain—and the Cabinet itself—in critical deadlock over the persecution of Left Labor elements (P.O.U.M., C.N.T., F.A.I., Friends of Durutti, Caballero Socialists) being carried out under the direction of the Communist Party, which blackmails unwilling Republicans into this activity by holding over them the threat of withdrawing Soviet aid, it is time for *The Nation* to break its silence on this story. The facts, which are fully ascertainable and known to many people, since Spain is not yet hermetically sealed like Russia, are of international concern to all honest believers in civil liberties and human rights.

Right now there are hundreds and hundreds of prisoners in Valencia, Barcelona, Madrid, and other places, held merely for belonging to Left organizations, which is to say for not being obedient to the Communist Party. The campaign is being carried on exactly like the Moscow trials and subsequent persecutions, and is in fact part of the same drive. Many of the prisoners are arrested clandestinely, by a special Stalinist cheka which frequently acts independently of the government police and sometimes through certain sections of it which it is able to control. Many of these prisoners are being tortured in order to get from them "confessions" by which "links to the fascists" can be established, in the Moscow trial manner. When they don't confess they frequently disappear, and by now there are numerous cases of such disappearances, eventually explained by the discovery of a body on some lonely street. This is what happened to the writer Camilo Berneri, an associate of the Roselli brothers; to young Martinez, general secretary of the Revolutionary Youth of Catalonia; and to many others. Bob Smillie, grandson of the famous British mine workers' leader, was allowed to die in a Stalinist jail, being refused surgical aid for appendicitis, which killed him after two weeks of horrible suffering. Andres Nin, general secretary of the P.O.U.M., was said to be held in Madrid for many weeks, and was then reported a "fugitive from justice," which in view of his background meant that he was dead.

These facts and many others have been published in the *Socialist Call* of New York by Liston Oak and Sam Baron, both of whom recently returned from Spain. Fenner Brockway, general secretary of the British I.L.P., headed a delegation to Spain to inquire into the arrests and persecutions, involving as they did not only Spaniards but men and women of many other nationalities. Among them the latest reported "missing" after being "released" is the Canadian journalist Krehm. According to Brockway's report, published in the New York *Times* on Sunday, August 1, and borne out by the entire Spanish press except that controlled by Stalinists and Stalinist-sympathizers, nobody believes the charges of "fascist" brought against these people, except of course the Stalinists. President Companys of Catalonia and his party, the Ezquerra, the C.N.T., the F.A.I., the provincial council of Valencia, the Caballero Socialists, and many other responsible people and important organizations of Loyalist Spain have publicly protested the arrests and have stated they believe the charges to be absurd.

Brockway received from the Minister of Justice assurances that the prisoners would be given open trials, with the full guarantees of Spanish judicial procedure. Yet he reported later that instead they are being tried by secret tribunals set up under a special sedition decree passed on the day the widespread arrests began. Among the first reported being tried are five world-known Spaniards whose records are unimpeachable: Escuder, Bonnet, Andrade, Gorkin, and Rey. The decree designed to convict innocent men is unparalleled in Spanish history. It provides that even "acts of omission" and "contemplated acts" may be punished by death, whereas the only specific provision made for release is on the condition of "confession."

It is no service to the cause of human rights internationally attacked by fascism, whose defense spearhead are the forces of Loyalist Spain, to keep silent when these rights are attacked from within by fascist methods, whatever the name of the organization that sponsors and directs such persecution and whatever its sophist excuses. There is no surer way than this of breaking down the morale of a progressive people engaged in a war of defense, nor of harming their cause internationally, supported as it is by men and women to whom life without the guarantees of democracy is an intolerable prospect.

ANITA BRENNER

Brooklyn, August 6

Generals—Red and Nazi

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 10 Mr. Villard forgets Mr. Broun's excellent advice and writes a lamentable article on the Russian executions. May I deal with two of his points? The first is his evident disbelief in the guilt of the Russian generals. Many reasons have come forward this past month to convince the most impartial "friend of the Russian experiment" that the generals were guilty, but I have space for only one.

In a recent issue of the *Spectator* there appeared an article by Wickham Steed bearing on this question. Mr. Steed, an ex-editor of the London *Times*, is recognized as one of the best-informed persons in England, and is a liberal who holds no briefs for communism. Concerning the military conspiracy he says: "At first few were disposed to accept the news at its face value. Knowledge that the executions of the Russian generals caused consternation in the higher command of the German Reichswehr has since lessened the skepticism with which the news was first received."

He goes on to ask whether such a conspiracy existed and what was its nature, and adds, "On these questions I think I can throw some light. None of the sources of my information is Russian. All tend to bear out the hypothesis that . . . a Russo-German treaty of economic and military alliance had been worked out in full detail. The conclusion of this treaty was to follow the establishment of . . . a Russian military dictatorship. . . . I know the names of the German generals who carried on the negotiations on behalf of the Reichswehr. They are those of very distinguished soldiers."

The second point I should like to deal with is the semi-explicit contention that Britain is seeking a rapprochement with Germany because of the Russian trials. This, I submit, is deliberately to overlook the pro-Hitler attitude of the Foreign Office during the last few years. British money has helped to arm Germany, and English policy determined the Anglo-German Naval Treaty before any trials ever took place. And surely no one would maintain a causal connection between the last executions and the simultaneous, Anglo-inspired visit of Premier Van Zeeland to Washington to find new loans for Nazi Germany.

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LOUIS FISCHER

is the author of a new 10c booklet, "The War in Spain," which is published by *The Nation*. Over 15,000 copies were sold in advance of publication! In this booklet Mr. Fischer authoritatively analyzes the social and economic background of the war, discusses the progress of the fighting, predicts the outcome, and explains the international significance of the struggle. Every progressive should read it! To order send 10c to *The Nation*, *20 Vesey Street, New York City*.

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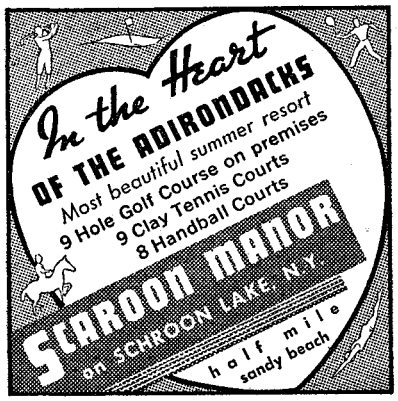

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The only policy, if any, that can prevent war is not to preach Lansbury pacifism, but to rally the democracies around the Franco-Soviet pact, which is stronger today than it was six months ago, in spite of its "friends."

CARL A. MARZANI

Oxford, England, July 20.

Critical View

Dear Sirs: I have taken *The Nation* for more than fifty years. I have seen a better and a worse paper. I have seen the policy of *The Nation* change several times. To be frank, I dislike the present radical position and the unfairness exhibited by *The Nation* at various times.

I have in mind such articles as that on ex-President Taft, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This was one of the finest appointments that were ever made. Mr. Taft had been Governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War, and President of the United States. He had had a fine career as Circuit Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, and the lawyers of the Sixth Circuit esteemed him. All lawyers throughout the length and breadth of this nation who were familiar with his opinions regarded him highly. Mr. Taft brought to the great office to which he was appointed a personal familiarity with political events and conditions which few could have had, and an acquaintance with legal principles and a judicial experience which are rare. Yet his appointment was severely criticized by *The Nation*, and the subsequent course of the highest tribunal in the land made it clear beyond peradventure that the criticism was wholly unfounded. Many lawyers who read the editorial in *The Nation* at the time were disgusted.

I am singling out this article on account of the feeling it engendered in me at the time and because of my great dissatisfaction. Other criticisms equally unmerited have appeared in *The Nation* from time to time.

Yet I continued to take and read your paper, (1) because I want to have the other point of view, and (2) because although my feelings are irritated practically once a week by some article in *The Nation*, still I find many things in it that are worth while, well written, proper, and fair.

LESSING ROSENTHAL

Chicago, July 9

Question for Mr. Villard

Dear Sirs: In reply to Mr. Reissig's letter in the July 24 issue, Mr. Villard, evidently referring to France, England, Czecho-Slovakia, and Spain, characterizes them as being "so-called democracies." If these countries are not, in a substantial sense, democracies, then what are they? I believe Mr. Villard owes the readers of *The Nation* an explanation.

ANTHONY SUTICH

Palo Alto, Cal., July 28.

Marlen E. Pew

Dear Sirs: A biography of the late Marlen E. Pew, for many years one of the leading journalists of the United States, is being prepared by Dr. De Forest O'Dell, who would appreciate seeing any letters and papers dealing with Mr. Pew's life. They may be sent to Dr. O'Dell in care of *Editor and Publisher*, 1700 Times Building, New York City. All letters and papers will be returned to their owners.

SUSAN PEW CLOUGH

Wading River, N. Y., July 18

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT DELL, whose dispatches from Paris and Geneva have appeared for many years in the Manchester *Guardian* and *The Nation*, is one of the most distinguished of foreign correspondents.

O. K. ARMSTRONG, a member of the Interracial Commission, spent several weeks investigating labor conditions in more than a dozen turpentine camps in western Florida. He is the author of several books, among them "Old Massa's People."

JULIAN BACH, Jr., now assistant foreign editor of the *Digest*, has been a journalist in Greece and in the Balkans.

CHARLES HUDEBURG is a young poet and contributor to "Trial Balances."

FRANK C. HANIGHEN is a close student of the economic forces which motivate wars. With H. C. Engelbrecht he wrote "Merchants of Death."

KENNETH BURKE is the author of "Attitudes Toward History."

LOUIS KRONENBERG has recently translated the maxims of La Rochefoucauld.

DAVID GREENHOOD wrote with Helen Gentry "Chronology of Books and Printing."

WILLIAM PHILLIPS is an editor of the *Partisan Review*.

J. F. BROWN is the author of "Psychology and the Social Order."

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